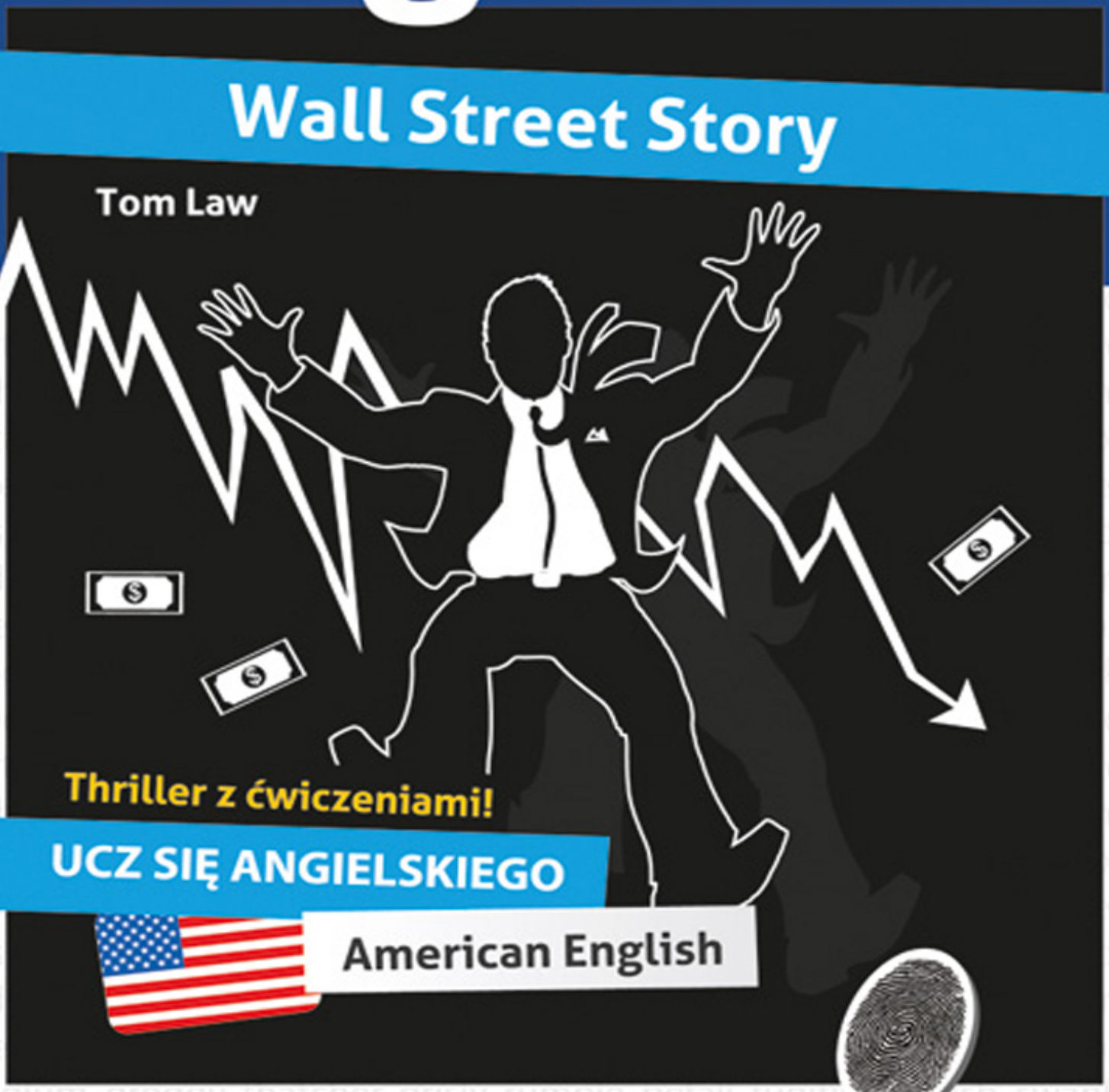
POZIOM C1
ZAAWANSOWANY

# Angielski

## Wall Street Story

Tom Law



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American English

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# THE WALL STREET STORY

Tom Law

EDGARD
JEZYKIOBCE.PL

Warszawa 2015

# Spis treści

Karta redakcyjna

Wstęp

**THE WALL STREET STORY**

PRELUDE

CHAPTER 1

CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER 3

CHAPTER 4

CHAPTER 5

CHAPTER 6

CHAPTER 7

CHAPTER 8

CHAPTER 9

CHAPTER 10

CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 12

CHAPTER 12½

CHAPTER 13

CHAPTER 14
CHAPTER 15
CHAPTER 16
CHAPTER 17
CHAPTER 18
CHAPTER 19
CHAPTER 20
EPILOGUE
Odpowiedzi
Glossary
Słowniczek
Przypisy

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# WSTĘP

Serię **ANGIELSKI Z KRYMINAŁEM** kierujemy do uczniów szkół średnich, studentów i samouków pragnących w niekonwencjonalny sposób doskonalić znajomość języka angielskiego. Jako źródło ciekawych tekstów i ćwiczeń znakomicie uzupełni naukę w szkole i na kursach; świetnie sprawdzi się także jako dodatkowy atrakcyjny materiał lekcyjny.

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Głównemu tekstowi towarzyszą różnorodne ćwiczenia leksykalno-gramatyczne oraz zadania sprawdzające rozumienie tekstu. Dzięki lekturze poznasz nowe słownictwo w kontekście, a więc w sposób najbardziej sprzyjający zapamiętywaniu. Podział powieści na krótkie rozdziały ułatwi zrozumienie fabuły i opanowanie stworzonych w ten sposób niewielkich porcji materiału. Efektywną naukę dodatkowo wspomoże aktywne operowanie w ćwiczeniach nowo wprowadzonym słownictwem i strukturami.

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# THE WALL STREET STORY

## TOM LAW

# PRELUDE

I met Peter Goodman when he was a student of mine. I was teaching English literature at New Town University, and Peter was taking a course of mine called “Jane Austin. Sense or Nonsense?”

Peter reminded me of a character from *Sense and Sensibility* called Brandon: “He was the kind of man whom everyone speaks well of, and nobody cares about; whom all are delighted to see, and nobody remembers to talk to.”

Despite his natural **reserve**, we became friends, and we tried to keep in touch after the course had ended. As often happens, however, we lost touch when he left the world of the university and went out into the world to **make his fortune** – in his case, on Wall Street.

I never would have thought of him ending up in the world of high finance, but it was hardly the first time that a student of mine had found a **career path** in a most unpredictable direction.

Anyway, it was about three years later that we **crossed paths** again. I **happened to be** in Seattle (of all places) on my honeymoon and while my new wife and I were eating **clam chowder** and looking over the **harbor**, **who should I happen to see** sitting opposite me? Peter Goodman.

He was much changed since our last meeting. He had a long Dutch face and it looked **haggard** and **haunted**. We **exchanged** the usual **pleasantries**, but it quickly became clear to me that something was deeply **troubling** him. Well, I had to send my wife back to the hotel by herself (**I paid hell** for that later) and Peter and I started talking about where life’s journey had led him over the last three years.

The story you are about to read is Peter Goodman's most **extraordinary** and **disturbing** adventure.

Naturally, all of the names have been changed to protect the innocent as they say. The New York you find in these pages may seem quite different to the New York you either know from films or personal experience.

This is a story of conspiracies **wrapped** inside of **deceit** and packaged in one big lie. You might have trouble believing it, but that **only goes to show** that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

# CHAPTER 1

**PETER GOODMAN STUDIED** and finished English Literature because he had always loved books. It was his aunt Beatrice who had suggested a Wall Street career, agreeing to fund his further education. Now, in his third month in an MBA program, he was starting to have his doubts. His aunt Beatrice knew more than a little about his temperament and in her weekly and lengthy e-mail finished by writing:

> *You must come up to the house. It'll do you the world of good. I've already reserved you a train ticket (find the confirmation enclosed). See you Friday night!*
>
> *Aunt B.*

The train pulled into Small Town, Connecticut, at 10.35 pm and aunt Beatrice was waiting outside in her Dodge **pickup**. Peter **swung open** the passenger side door and aunt Beatrice was sitting there behind the steering wheel. She raised her finger to her lips **to shush** him because Frank Sinatra was into the second chorus of *I've got you under my skin*, and this was her favorite part.

The car **pulled away from** the **curb** and **headed to** aunt B.'s house. She had a large, four bedroom bungalow ten minutes from the town center where she lived with her two Siberian cats (sisters from the same **litter**): Lucky and Luckier.

At the house, Peter **settled into** his usual bedroom with a sandwich and glass of milk. He sat in the single bed, slowly ate his sandwich,

looked at the flowery wallpaper and, feeling very much like he had been **cast back** to his early teen years, thought to himself: I really must have nothing better to do on a weekend.

That was basically true and that's why he was there. Well, that and, of course, to **keep** his aunt B. **happy**. No doubt she was **overly** ambitious for him, but he didn't **begrudge** her that. His mother was dead and his father was **last heard of** in Sierra Leone. Aunt B. was the only family he had and he knew he wasn't ready yet to face life as **a fully-fledged** orphan.

Peter woke up the next morning at 6.30 am. Aunt. B. would still be in bed, her **floozy-like** pink hair **in curlers**, face smeared with cream and her eyes firmly shut behind a sun-blocking mask.

Peter put on his jogging gear and headed for the nearest **7-11** to buy a package of cigarettes.

Everything was going as normal – he'd done this **countless** times in the past. Settling in for the weekend, talking with aunt B. about her career on Wall Street, the good old days and all that stuff. And **sneaking off** to the 7-11 too to buy cigarettes and smoke them in the **parking lot** in front of the store.

As he was smoking, a woman who was walking an English bull-dog went past. The dog stopped directly opposite Peter, about ten feet away, and looked at him **intently**. The woman pulled on the leash but the dog was too stubborn to be pushed around easily. Finally, she looked over at Peter.

"I think he wants a cigarette," Peter said. The woman smiled. She was about 35 – about ten years older than him. She was wearing black tights that stretched and **curved** in all the right places. She had dark hair that was cut in **a bob.**

She pulled on the leash again but the dog didn't move.

“Looks like he’s recently quit,” Peter continued.

The woman smiled again. That smile, and the beautiful sunny morning, would have been enough to **make Peter’s day**. His aunt Beatrice did say he always **settled for** too little. **Apparently** the woman didn’t, because she walked over to him. The dog **willingly** followed and started to **shamelessly** push its nose into Peter’s jogging pants.

He offered her a cigarette but she shook her head no.

“I think my dog likes you,” she said.

“I think he does too,” Peter said, pushing the dog’s face away for the sixth time.

“I trust my dog’s judgment when it comes to character,” she said. So, Peter thought, the dog thinks my character is between my legs.

The woman looked left and right, a little bored. Peter could smell her fresh sweat and recently shampooed hair.

“Up for the weekend, I guess,” she said.

“How did you know?”

“Just **a lucky guess.** I know all the guys who actually live here.”

They talked like this until Peter finished his cigarette, then they started walking further down the street together. The dog wouldn’t stop **sniffing** at him.

“I think he smells my aunt’s cats,” he said. “She’s got two. They’re called Lucky and Luckier, but I never remember which is which.”

The woman smiled again. “Well, my dog here is called Liar’s Poker.”

“Sounds like a game.”

“It is. My husband used to play it with his **broker** friends all the time. Then he left. I got **custody** of the dog, even though it was his. So I renamed the dog. Sometimes I call him Liar and sometimes he’s just **plain** Poker.”

This time Peter smiled.

“Anyway,” she continued, “what brings you to the **edges** of Hedgistan?”

“Hedgistan?”

“Hedgistan,” she repeated. “You know, the corridor between Manhattan and Westport, Connecticut.”

Peter still didn’t seem sure what she meant.

“The hedge fund capital of the world, my dear boy,” she said in **mocking** voice.

“Ahhh. Right. Well, I’ve got an aunt who lives here. She wants me to start a career on Wall Street. **Follow in her footsteps**, or something like that. She never married or had any children and she’s sort of adopted me.”

“I get it,” she said. “But you’re not so sure.”

“It’s not that exactly. I’m just not sure if I’d be **any good** at it. I mean, finance. Math. Economics. They were never my strong points.”

The woman **nodded** and **frowned**. Then she turned **sideways** and looked him up and down.

“There are only three things that you need to be when starting out in Hedgistan,” she said. “Hungry. **Humble**. And Smart. Are you those things?”

“I think I could be.”

“Thinking is not enough. You have to be so hungry you could sell your aunt to **slave traders**.”

Peter suddenly had the image of his aunt B. with a **collar** around her neck and him holding the leash and then handing it over to some greasy looking character with a huge **wad** of **bills** in his hand.

He smiled: “It doesn’t really sound that hard.”

She stopped and he stopped beside her. Then she punched the **forefinger** of her right hand quite sharply into his chest.

"**That's the ticket**," she said. "Listen. I happen to live here." She motioned with her head to a white, wedding-cake-type **mansion** behind her that stood on a small hill.

He looked at the house. "Nice."

"Yea, nice. Well, anyway, tonight my father is having a party and lots of his friends are coming up for it. Maybe you'd like to join them? I'll be there too. I **supply** the required **charm**, you might say. And daddy likes to see me there. Kind of like one of his trophies, actually."

"That doesn't sound like much fun," he said. "For you, I mean."

"Well," she said, "if you came, maybe it would be." She looked at him intently in the eyes. Peter felt **a leap** in his stomach.

"If you want to **make it** on Wall Street," she continued, "the first thing you have to understand is that it's all about networking."

"Yea," he said. "So I've heard."

"So," she said. "That's it. Dress is smart casual. I hope you came up here with more than that **ridiculous** looking **tracksuit** you're wearing."

"I'll manage," he said.

"Good then. It's **settled**. Come around eight. I'll tell daddy you're coming so it won't be a surprise. I'll give you a big introduction, don't worry. Daddy does trust my judgment when it comes to character."

Peter smiled again. "Okay, thanks."

"Okay."

"By the way," he said. "What's your name?"

"Abigail Strong. But you can call me Abby. All my friends do."

"Okay, Abby. Thanks."

Before they separated, Peter **bent down** and vigorously **stroked** the dog behind the ears, and said: “I like your dog.” He’d heard somewhere that you should always compliment someone’s pet because pet owners take that as a personal compliment. Also, Peter was already practicing his first lesson. This one was called Humble.

# CHAPTER 2

**LATER THAT MORNING** at breakfast, aunt B. was **more than a little** surprised by her nephew's story. She tried not to show it. Although she loved Peter, and **dearly** wanted him to do some world shaking in The Big Apple[1], she never really felt he **had it in** him. Now, she was willing to **suspend** doubt, at least for the day, and even got a little excited.

"I couldn't have arranged a better meeting myself. And believe me I've tried," she said.

"What's the big deal," Peter said. "It's just a cocktail party. I'll probably **be mistaken** for a waiter or something."

"Listen, Peter. Mr. Theodore Strong is probably THE number one hedge fund manager in the world. His fund, Empire Capital Fund Management, is one of the biggest players on the market. And that means one of the biggest players in the world, do you understand that? It's a two-trillion-dollar-a-year business, Peter! Meeting a man like this in the business world is like meeting the Vice-President in the political world."

Peter's **train of thought** was momentarily **derailed**. Vice-President of the business world, eh? Then who was the President, he wondered.

"Okay, so he's important," he said, **shrugging it off.** The fact is, Peter had already done a little googling of his own – his aunt didn't get up 'till **noon**, which was her style. Anyway, Peter had already found out who he was meeting, and was carefully trying to get himself in the correct **frame of mind** for that evening. For him, that meant **playing down** the whole thing.

“Well, I don’t understand you sometimes, Peter.”

Peter leaned across the table, over the frying pan with scrambled eggs he had prepared, and **squeezed** his aunt’s forearm.

“I’m just **teasing** you. Of course it’s important for me. And I think his daughter likes me.”

“His daughter? Oh, I see.”

“You don’t see anything. And don’t start again with your calculating. It isn’t very attractive.”

“She’s divorced, you know.”

“Yes, I know.”

“Must be older than you, though.”

“Yea, a little.”

“A girl would **do you good**. Hmmm.” She looked **inward** and started **conjuring** images. “Bit of a reputation, though. Really, I’m not sure. But I’ll **look into** it.”

“Please, aunt. Don’t. I just mean her dog likes me.”

“Her dog?”

“Yea. Her dog **was all over** me.”

His aunt shook her head. Then she looked up, shrugged, showed her **palms** and smiled.

That evening, as Peter was trying on his suit in the bedroom, his aunt came in carrying a navy blue blazer.

“Ta-dumm!” she said, holding it up.

“No,” Peter said. “I don’t think I can.”

“Don’t be silly.”

Peter took the **blazer** from her and tried it on. Then he looked at himself in the mirror. He had won the blazer three years earlier as the

Monopoly champion for the state of Connecticut. Over the upper left pocket was a discreet **emblem** in red which said: Monopoly.

Peter and his aunt had a long discussion about whether or not to wear it. Peter had kept the blazer in his aunt's **closet** because he had never really **intended** to wear the thing again. It was the kind of thing which was nice to have – as long as it stayed in the closet.

Later, while standing in the hall ready to go out, his aunt said to him: "When you greet him, shake his hand with confidence and say – Good evening, Mr. Strong. It's a **privilege** to meet you. Do you think you can do that?"

Peter nodded.

"Okay," she said. "Try it." And she held out her hand.

Peter took it firmly and said: "Good evening, Mr. Strong. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"A privilege," she said sternly. "A privilege to meet you."

"A privilege," Peter repeated.

At 8 pm **sharp**, Peter Goodman rang the intercom on the **imposing**, **cast-iron** gate to the Strong's mansion. No one answered, but the gate **buzzed open** and he approached the house along the **cobbled** footpath.

The house **loomed up** in front of him. It was two stories with a third in a windowed attic. Five wooden stairs led up to the wooden deck which **ran the length** of the front of the house. The heavy oak door had a large glass window. He looked in before knocking. The house was brightly lit. There were a few people inside, **milling about** near the entrance, talking with someone who was out of view.

Peter knocked but nobody answered. Finally, he turned the thick **brass** handle and let himself in. The door swung open without a sound, and he gently closed it behind himself. He could hear some distant voices, deep

inside the **cavernous** place. Cautiously he walked into the house, feeling part intruder, part postman intent on delivering an important package.

There was a door to the left that was partly **ajar**. There were male voices coming from inside. He approached the door and, standing **well clear** in case something exploded, or worse, pushed it slightly with his fingertips. He could see a man in a yellow pullover standing in front of a large desk, so his back was to Peter. The man was quite short and the bald spot on the top of his head shone like the moon. He was talking on the telephone that sat on the desk.

Suddenly, the man raised his voice: “You tell that God-damned Bernie Gold to stop **poaching on my territory**! Do you hear me? When’s the last time you saw me at a B’nai B’rith meeting **chatting up** Jewish grannies?”

Then, a stone-faced man appeared from behind the other side of the door. His hands were hanging down, **clasped** together in front and he looked at Peter for a good five seconds, as though photographing his face with his mind’s eye. Then he casually closed the door and it clicked shut in front of Peter’s face.

Peter turned around and almost jumped out his skin. Abby was standing right in front of him.

“Jesus,” he said. “You nearly scared me to death.”

She **grabbed** his hand, whispered “hi” and led him into the living room. Peter was **trailing** slightly behind, and watched her neck as they walked. She was wearing a dress that was **low-cut** on both sides.

In the living room, there were only a handful of people. Apparently, these things never started on time. To one side there was a huge banquet table crowded with food and a chef in an apron and white, **stove-pipe** hat, stood with a large **carving knife** behind a whole roasted pig – its

eyes were black **sockets** and a fresh apple was **clenched** in its dead mouth.

Still holding his hand, Abby led him up to a group of four people who formed a small circle in front of the cold fireplace, and they opened the circle to let them in.

After a few pleasantries, one of the guests pointed at the emblem on Peter's blazer. Abby saw it too. He wasn't sure what her slightly ironic smile meant.

"I was the Monopoly champion in the state of Connecticut in 2010," he said.

"Is that right," the man he was talking to replied.

"Yes," Peter continued. At this point he decided there was no better course than to **barge ahead**. The man asking the questions seemed **genuinely** interested. He was a big man, more of a whale than a man really with a head twice the size of anyone else standing there. But the small face that was set inside all that **flesh** had **a candor** and curiosity that **drew** Peter to him.

"Every year Hasbro organizes state championships, and in early December there's a national championship in Las Vegas."

"Did you win?" Abby asked, also intrigued. She'd never heard of such a thing, and yet it seemed oddly cute. Monopoly? Do people still play that game?

"No," Peter said. "Fifth place."

"Still," she said, "out of 50 players, right, 50 states?"

"Yea, that's right," Peter said. "A guy from Wyoming finally won."

"Tell me something," the fat man said. "What's the secret of winning at Monopoly? I was never sure if you had to have the dark blues, you know the rich properties, to win. It always seemed like that – well, I haven't played for years, but that's the way I remember it."

“Park Place and Boardwalk,” John said. “No, not at all. It’s all luck.”

“Now, come on,” Abby said. “If that were true, I would be the champion. Or just anyone.” The others shook their heads in agreement.

“Well,” Peter said. “The guy from Wyoming won with Connecticut, Vermont and Oriental Avenues. You know, the light blues. After the browns, they’re the cheapest properties on the board.”

“Well,” said the fat man. “What do you know. All luck, eh?” The others nodded their heads. They all had the look that **inside traders** have when they turn on their computers in the morning and go: Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah-nah. I know something you don’t know.

## 1. Decide if the statement is true (T), false (F), or the text does not say anything about it (D).

[ check the answer ]

**1.** But for a scholarship, Peter wouldn’t have been able to study. **T / F / D**

**2.** Aunt Beatrice made a lot of money on Wall Street. **T / F / D**

**3.** When Peter was young, his father disowned him. **T / F / D**

**4.** Abby’s dog kept sniffing Peter because he reeked of tobacco. **T / F / D**

**5.** Aunt B. was sure Peter would succeed on Wall Street. **T / F / D**

**6.** Peter wasn't keen on wearing the blue blazer at first. **T / F / D**

**7.** A grassy footpath led to Mr. Strong's mansion. **T / F / D**

**8.** The guests were treated to a lavish meal. **T / F / D**

**9.** Peter explained that the key to winning a game of Monopoly is to purchase the rich properties. **T / F / D**

## 2. Match the words to create fixed phrases and expressions.

[ check the answer ]

| | |
|---|---|
| **1.** train | **a.** of mind |
| **2.** frame | **b.** in sb. |
| **3.** to have it | **c.** the ticket |
| **4.** that's | **d.** of thought |
| **5.** follow in | **e.** fortune |
| **6.** make one's | **f.** sb's footsteps |
| **7.** do sb. | **g.** good |

## 3. Use the phrases from exercise 2 to complete the sentences.

[ check the answer ]

1. If you hadn't come to my room and interrupted my ..... , I wouldn't have forgotten what I was about to do.
2. Drink some camomile tea, dear. It's very soothing and it will ..... .
3. I'm not in a good ..... so I don't feel like going to that party tonight.
4. – How did John .....?
   – He set up his own business and now he has a huge company.
5. Jane ..... her father's ..... and soon was able to take charge of the family business.
6. Jim's set on becoming a homicide detective, but I seriously doubt he ..... .
7. – I've got an A in the maths test, dad!
   – ..... , son!

## 4. Choose the correct synonym for the words in bold.

[ check the answer ]

1. ...she looked at him **intently**... **attentively / intelligibly**
2. ...no doubt she was **overly** ambitious... **heedfully / excessively**
3. The dog **willingly** followed... **eagerly / reluctantly**
4. ...she said in **mocking** voice... **sarcastic / detrimental**
5. ...to get himself in the correct **frame of mind**... **mood / mentality**

6. ...rang the intercom on the **imposing**... **superior / impressive**

## 5. Complete the sentences with phrases from the text.

[ check the answer ]

1. I was in a pub drowning my sorrows and ..... next to me? That's right! My old flame, Lisa. Can you believe it?
2. You can't marry him just ..... your mother .....! It's absurd!
3. We've sold 15 cars in two weeks! ..... that our company has gained ground and is highly valued by the new customers.
4. – I'm going to study harder to pass all the exams with flying colors. – .....! Keep it up, son!

## 6. Use the words in the box to complete the sentences.

[ check the answer ]

**unpredictable** **haggard** **disturbing** **curb** **fully-fledged** **countless**

1. I've told you ..... times not to leave your dirty underwear on the floor! I wish you wouldn't do it.

**2.** Susan fell off her bike and hit her head on the ..... .

**3.** On hearing the ..... news about Jane’s abduction, we all burst into tears.

**4.** Now that I’m a ..... doctor, I can open my own surgery and treat various patients.

**5.** There’s no way of telling what this man might do next. He’s very ..... .

**6.** When I looked at his ..... face, I knew he’d been drinking again.

# CHAPTER 3

**BY 10.30 PM THE PARTY** was **in full swing**. Now, the fireplace **was roaring** with fire, the pig on the banquet table was showing its **ribcage** and the guests were pleasantly drunk enough to all be talking at the same time.

A party with Hedgies is usually a **heady** mix of money and machismo, all taking place in the shadow of mountains of powdery substances. This, however, was a cocktail party where the men reluctantly came with their wives and partners. They were all there for one reason: to kiss the ring of Mr. Strong.

He was still to **make his appearance,** however, and the conversations were polite, political and business orientated.

“Well,” said one man to the circle of people around him, “the Panel finally turned into Finkstein versus Lowell. They were **yelling** at each other like a couple on Jerry Springer’s show. I thought Finkstein was going to pick up his chair and **wack** Lowell over the head with it. Well, in **exasperation** the moderator shouted: The Panel is over! And the whole audience started applauding.”

“So anyway,” someone in the circle responded, “I’ve heard that Finkstein is **riding shotgun** with Gold vis-à-vis the MaxCom takeover. And I’m just trying to confirm. You know, it’s just what I heard.”

“Apparently,” someone else **interjected**, “they’re **breaking new ground** in corporate **proactivism**. Gold doesn’t think the US economy has **recovered** from anything and says that the Fed[2] is **hastily reflating** bubbles.”

“And the MaxCom deal?” someone asked.

“Well, I heard someone say it’s like buying human kidneys from living **donors**.”

“Sweet.”

Meanwhile, Abby and Peter **made their way** from circle to circle. As Strong’s daughter, Abby was practically **bowed** to. Being Abby’s friend, Peter found himself **being given the once-over** by every person in the room.

Finally, they found themselves standing with the fat man again. His name was Sidney Longstreet and he was a senior partner at Empire Capital Fund Management.

He stood holding a plate of pork and delicately **nibbled** on a spare rib as they talked.

“Goodman, is it,” Sidney said, chewing over the name.

“Yes, sir.”

“You wouldn’t be related to Beatrice Goodman by any chance?”

“She’s my aunt.”

“Your aunt!” Sidney said, quite surprised. “I didn’t know she had any family. Actually, I think there are some who were counting on her not having any living **relatives** at all.”

Abby, who was standing to one side of the men, waved her hand discreetly in front of her mouth, and said: “Shhhh.”

Sidney looked at her, then put down his plate.

“Yes,” he continued, “to be sure. Goodman. Goodman. Do you know what my 12-year-old daughter said to me this afternoon? She said: You know, daddy. It’s good to be good. But it’s fun to be evil!” Then, Sidney started **chuckling**. “Kids,” he said.

He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulled out a cigar. Abby motioned with her hand again.

“Oh, good Lord,” Sidney said to Peter. “This girl here is worse than my doctor. But she’s right, of course. Theodore doesn’t **approve of** smoking. Once he caught a group of young brokers **puffing away** on their Cubans in the conference room and he said with **indignation**: You men look like you’re sucking big black dicks. Now **put** them **out**!” Sidney chuckled to himself again and put the cigar back into his inside pocket. “I’ll smoke that later,” he said to Peter confidentially.

“What brings you to Connecticut?” Sidney asked.

“I’m visiting my aunt.”

“Oh, right. Your aunt.”

“I didn’t exactly grow up here, but my aunt has sort of been sponsoring me. Sending me to school as a teenager.”

“Where?”

“In Idaho.”

“Oh, I see. Idaho. Sounds **dreadful**.”

“That pretty well sums it up,” Peter continued. “You see, she was my **legal guardian**.”

“To be sure. To be sure. And you want to make it big on Wall Street, I imagine.”

“That’s right. How did you guess?”

“Well, I know a thing or two about Beatrice Goodman. She used to work with us, you know. A **major shareholder** as a matter of fact.”

Abby was pulling on Sidney’s **sleeve** as he was talking.

“What!” he said **gruffly**.

“Perhaps,” Abby said, “you’d like some Beefeater gin and a **prawn cocktail** for dessert. I know how much you love them.”

Sidney’s face lightened up, then he turned to Peter again.

“Now, what was I saying?”

Just then, Sidney grabbed the elbow of a man who was milling nearby and drew him into their little circle.

“Martin, I’d like you to meet... um, what was your name again?”

“Peter Goodman.”

“Peter Goodman,” Sidney repeated. “I think he’d be a good candidate for our internship program.”

“**You don’t say**,” Martin said. “Goodman, huh?”

At that, Sidney and Abby **drifted away**, and Sidney kept saying: “Will you stop it, please.”

Martin Beetlebottom introduced himself **eyeing Peter up and down**, and him and Peter started talking. It was getting kind of hard to **figure out** who was who exactly. But that wasn’t a problem that only Peter had. In this business, people often don’t know who is who because most of the big players **hold multiple positions** and have ten different **business cards** and titles. Despite this, somehow everyone knows who the one to watch is and who isn’t. How? By knowing who that person’s friends are. Survival in this business means knowing who can hurt you, who can help you and who can be safely ignored.

Peter gave a brief **rundown** of his life. Martin **reassured** Peter about his **lack of** business knowledge.

“That stuff is just to be learned. That’s what the internship program is for. And don’t worry, we hire the best physics graduates in the country, well, from around the world actually, to do the math and come up with the magic numbers.” He stopped to **ponder** his words. “God knows where places like NASA get their talent, but that’s hardly our **concern**, is it? No, our internship program is looking for people who can sell and have the **drive** to succeed. Physics graduates are typically **useless** in real business.”

They talked some more and when Peter mentioned his aunt Beatrice, Martin's ears **pricked up**.

"She was quite a player in her day," Martin said. "A powerhouse of a woman. **Ballsy**. With the advantage that some woman in business have." Peter had a puzzled look on his face, so Martin continued: "All I mean is that, well, it's true most big players are men, but a **brassy broad** or two is always welcomed to **stir up the shit**." He paused to think. "And to take the fall too, right?"

Peter nodded. Makes some kind of sense, he thought.

"That was **back in the day**, of course," Martin continued. "I heard she was finally ruined by the **dot com crash**."

"News to me," Peter said. Funny how in all her stories about her career on Wall Street, all the successes, all the money and **accolades** she had never mentioned how it all ended.

Martin seemed to read his mind. "Well, it happens."

"I suppose so."

"Not to everyone, of course. Just like some banks, some people are too big **to fail**."

"But that didn't include her."

"Obviously not."

Peter nodded again. He started to feel like one of those **dashboard** ornamental dogs that can't stop nodding its head.

"Well, there you go," Martin continued. "A lovely woman, of course." Martin took a large **gulp** from the whiskey and ice-cubes he was holding, and looked over the **rim of** the glass to see Peter's reaction.

Peter didn't know **what to make of it**. He thought she had **retired** comfortably, a **golden parachute** and all that stuff they talk about. This news **connected a few dots** for him: like why she drank herself into a **stupor** every evening, or why she seemed to stand behind him so

firmly, trying to push him towards the mythical golden price that always seemed to dance before her eyes. **Regret**. Soul-crushing regret. It would seem the only **remedy to** regret in middle-age is to seek a second chance through the life of your children. And not having children of her own, a **surrogate** like Peter would have to do.

Martin led Peter over to two young men who were talking to a couple of very young blond girls. The girls **giggled away** when they sensed the change of climate.

“A little young, don’t you think?” Martin asked, as much to himself as to anyone. One of the young men shrugged: “Nothing wrong with young.” His friend **elbowed** him playfully in the ribs and they **tittered** together.

“Peter, I wanted you to meet these two young gentlemen. And I use the word with **reservations**. Louis Barnacle and Reggie Sinclair. You’ll be joining them on the internship program, **provided** you get through the recruitment process, of course.”

The two young men straightened up a little, got serious a little and shook Peter’s hand.

“They’re Whartonites,” Martin added.

Peter knew what that meant. Students and graduates of that famous school were known (especially by people like Peter, from **lesser** schools) as being **sophomoric**, **obtuse** and **obnoxious**.

Peter shook their hands.

“Anyway, Peter, will you be able to make it down to the shop next week? Wednesday **say**? Mid-morning?” Peter said of course, and Martin gave him his business card to arrange the **exact** time with his secretary. Then he wandered off and **left** the young men **to it**.

The two very young blonds **floated back**, accompanied by a third one. It seems that very young blond girls drift around such parties like **sticky**

**fluff**, looking to attach themselves to the first available opportunity. Before Peter even had a chance to ask the name of the girl who was suddenly **rubbing up** to him like a pet cat, Abby showed up out of nowhere and **scooped him away**.

"I'm not sure," Peter said, "if I should thank you for that."

"**A dime a dozen**," Abby said. "Anyway, did you manage to get an interview?"

"Next Wednesday. I'm supposed to show up at the 'shop' ".

"That's Hedgie speak for the office," she explained.

"Right. Well, it went quite well, I guess. Thanks to you."

"**Damn right**," she added.

"Damn right," he admitted. "Thanks."

"Thank me when you get accepted onto the program. You'll find the recruitment process is a little more **demanding** than a cocktail party."

"Okay," Peter said. "And how should I thank you if I am accepted?"

She turned towards him. Her face was close to his – the kind of distance that was either very aggressive or very intimate. When talking to people, he often didn't look into their eyes. He would look, then look away, then look again, but he'd always found it hard to hold eye contact. Now he did. Again, like the closeness between them, this was also getting very personal.

At that moment a man in a yellow pullover entered the room. Everyone knew it, because the talking **chatter** quickly **died off**. It was the **host** of the party, Mr. Theodore Strong. He smiled broadly at everyone and made his way towards Peter and his daughter. When he reached them, he lightly kissed his daughter's cheek, then looked **squarely** at Peter. Apparently, this **piercing stare** was a family **trait**.

Peter stood stupidly for a **brief** moment, intimidated by the eyes. Then his aunt's words came **rushing in**. He held out his hand, firmly shook

the hand offered and said: “Good evening, Mr. Privilege. It’s a... no, that’s not right.”

# CHAPTER 4

**THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY** Peter **boarded** the train in Connecticut and got off at Pennsylvania Station in mid-town New York. From there he went down the long **staircase** into the **bowels** of the city to catch the subway to the financial district in lower Manhattan.

Like every large and great city, New York is a place where the First World and the Third World live **cheek to jowl**. The residents of the First World live, work, eat and play on the surface of this island. Having the **benefits** of fresh air, sunshine and money, these people are the very picture, perhaps the world's picture, of success. The residents of the Third World also live, work, eat and play, only they do it underground. At night, when most of the First World people have either locked themselves in their exclusive **downtown** apartments or escaped to the suburbs, the Third World people **crawl up** to the surface like lizards, seeking the **scraps** of success that might have been dropped and left behind carelessly during the day.

Peter boarded the subway **car**. It was mid-day, so the car was full of those educated, mostly white faces of the office workers who do all the thankless **grunt work** in this, the world's financial center – young women straight from the so-called fly over states[3] in the mid-west with fresh faces and pink blouses, young men with supermarket-bought suits and artificial-leather briefcases. The colored faces, moved among these watchful and fearful people. Anyone with more than **two quarters to rub together** stayed **topside**, preferring a taxi ride any day of the week. What's more, if someone wanted the **bragging** rights of having a 'real job', as they said, one had to be seen **hailing** taxis and not descending, with a real sense of **dread**, into the **pits** known of as the subway system.

Peter stood next to the subway car door and was holding onto a hanging **strap** with his right hand. The subway car **swayed** and **jolted** quite violently. The overhead lights occasionally **flickered** on and off.

The construction of the subway started in the late 19th century, and in fact still continues today, and although the stations have been remodeled many times over the years, the original tunnels themselves have stayed the same. What this means is that over the years, as the trains got faster and more modern, they were **forced** to speed round **hair-pin turns** and **clamber** over teeth-**rattling** bumps.

Peter hung onto the strap **for dear life**. The most important thing was to keep your balance, and not push into the people standing around you. God knows what reaction (a knife in the ribs?) one would get if you accidentally pushed the person next to you.

Typically, the men either looked straight ahead at the wall or glanced at their watches **innumerable** times. The women looked at their feet. For women, riding the subway every day was like **running a gauntlet** of sexual harassment: **pawing** and **groping** and **goosing**.

The Third World people, on the other hand, were very much at home here. The subways were their workplace. The whole subway had the feel of a medieval market place, especially accentuated by the fact that these Third World people were typically ill-looking, toothless, **crooked**, **pock-marked** and either **grossly** overweight or shockingly thin. They moved among the people in the crowded subway car selling things, anything: cans of coke, cigarettes, stolen car radios, cheap **trinkets** and gadgets, used shoes, plastic-**wrapped tube socks**, mobile telephones, Gucci handbags and religion. The doors between the cars and on either end of them clearly had signs which read: Danger! No moving between cars. This was a **patently** ridiculous idea, because how else are people supposed to sell their stuff?

One albino man **paced** from one end of the subway car to the other and back again. Were those horns on the top of his head, or was it just the way his hair curled round like that? He kept repeating: “Do you want to buy a bloody razor?”

Fifteen minutes later Peter got off the subway. He was faced with a spidery **array** of tunnels, each marked, but that didn’t help much when one was not familiar with the city. He finally decided, like all **first-timers** do, just to take any one of the tunnels – just to get out of there, to get to the surface and go from there. I only have to get to the surface, Peter thought, and everything will be alright.

He started walking down one of the tunnels. There was water dripping from the low concrete ceiling, forming a greasy puddle, which he had no choice but to walk through. Peter wondered if it had started raining since he’d got on the subway.

The fact is, the **transit authorities** of New York City employ more than one hundred people who work, **in shifts**, 24-7, 365 days a year, pumping water out of the subway system and all its tunnels. On the surface, Manhattan is a concrete jungle, and yet it’s still an island with all the normal requirements of water **drainage**. Having nowhere else to go, and following the **inexorable** force of gravity, the water went down. Down into the underground passages and subway tunnels that **interlaced** the subterranean landscape.

Peter was reaching the end of a **winding** tunnel. A **busker** with a guitar and sounding more than a little like Bruce Springsteen was sitting **at the foot of** the stairs that led up. Peter climbed the stairs and the yellow sunshine started to impress itself. He had to **squint** like a **mole** as he neared the top. When he reached it, he suddenly found himself standing at the foot of a **towering** skyscraper. It was covered in mirrored glass. The building on the other side of the street was basically a **carbon copy**. The narrow street between the buildings formed

a corridor of mirrors and reflections. Standing at the bottom of these towers of power and success, Peter was blinded by the light.

## 1. Choose the correct answer a, b or c.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** During the party...

**a)** most guests drank alcohol.

**b)** some guests played strip poker.

**c)** Peter met his old flame.

**2.** Abby was...

**a)** shunned by the other guests.

**b)** shown respect by all around.

**c)** disliked because of her boldness.

**3.** Upon finding out that Beatrice is Peter's aunt, Sidney seemed...

**a)** exasperated.

**b)** perplexed.

**c)** taken aback.

**4.** What vice does Theodore condemn?

**a)** binge drinking

**b)** smoking

**c)** gambling

**5.** In business it's important to:

**a)** have various employers.

**b)** avoid people who drive a hard bargain.

c) know your friends and enemies.

**6.** Whartonites are known to be:

a) disagreeable and brainless.

b) mature and stupid.

c) mature and obnoxious.

**7.** The image of First World and Third World shows...

a) that the rich and poor live in symbiosis.

b) a wide disparity between the rich and the poor.

c) that the rich are dependent on the poor.

**8.** The subway ride is...

a) rather bumpy.

b) comfortable and smooth.

c) quite pricy for the poor.

## 2. Complete the sentences with the words in the box , appropriately changed where necessary.

[ check the answer ]

| flicker | rundown | reluctantly | recover | squint | towering | trinkets |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|

**1.** There was a draught and the candles were ..... .

**2.** They police agreed, albeit ..... , to discontinue the investigation.

3. It didn't take Jim very long to ..... after the accident. He's feeling fine now.
4. We need a complete ..... of this accident by tomorrow. I want all the details.
5. Stop .....! You'll get crow's feet.
6. Various Oriental ..... were arranged neatly on the mantlepiece.
7. Mia looked tiny against those ..... buildings.

## 3. Complete the sentences with appropriate forms derived from the words in capitals.

[ check the answer ]

1. The teacher looked ..... at me and grinned. I knew he wanted me to read out my homework. **SQUARE**
2. She arrived dressed in a gorgeous ..... gown. **SLEEVE**
3. My aunt was ..... that she hadn't been invited to the wedding. **INDIGNATION**
4. The dog ..... at the door, asking to be let out. **PAW**
5. Mrs. J. is an awfully ..... teacher, isn't she? **DEMAND**
6. This diet will be ..... to your health. **BENEFIT**

## 4. Complete the sentences with appropriate words. Notice the differences between them.

[ check the answer ]

**poisonous** **scald** **tiring** **exhausting** **venomous** **burn** **tiresome** **exhaustive**

**1.** Don’t eat this mushroom, Sally. It’s ..... .
It’s not a slow-worm! It’s a ..... snake!

**2.** The hike was ..... I’m going to hit the sack now.
We published our findings after the ..... research.

**3.** Sue has ..... herself with steam again. I’ve told her time and again not to use the kettle.
Ouch! I’ve ..... myself with an iron.

**4.** It’s a long and ..... journey. Take plenty of food!
Sue is so .....! I can’t stand her obnoxious behavior.

# CHAPTER 5

**Empire Capital Fund** Management was located on Pearl Street in a twenty-six **story** building that was built in the mid-1920s. It has a stone façade and has the weight, seriousness and **permanence** that one would expect from a financial institution. The company itself occupied the top four floors.

The building had a **notorious** reputation that dated back to the 1929 Crash because it held the record for suicides when 16 businessmen jumped to their deaths, at different times over four months, from the windows of the top floor. From that time the building was **affectionately** known by people in the financial industry as The Long Drop.

Although high school history books **look back** at those deaths as the actions of desperate men who could not face the shame of financially ruining themselves and their clients, Peter was soon to **get a glimpse of** the more **sinister** **forces at play** behind it all. The forces of power, personal **vendettas** and codes of honor which are backed by blackmail and **deceit**, not to mention good old-fashioned, mind-**numbing**, mouth-drying, soul-destroying fear.

Peter took the elevator up to the twenty-third floor. He was expected, and a secretary led him to a small office which was **bare**, except for a hard-backed chair and a wooden desk with a computer on top of it. On the wall there was a framed poster of racing horses with the slogan: Get Your Head In The Game. He was shown the basic **workings** of the program that was running on the computer, and left alone in the room to go through a series of questions and tasks.

But what a strange set of questions and tasks!

One task was a mystery situation that Peter had to solve. Here it is: (This is a true story) The city of Vancouver is located on a large **bay**. Two or three times a year the police find a running shoe with a foot inside it floating in the water of the bay. How do you explain this strange **occurrence**? Keep in mind, it's always a running shoe, the feet in the shoes are in various degrees of decomposition and typically the rest of the body is never found.

Another task was a **straightforward** series of hypothetical dilemmas that required a hypothetical answer. There were questions like: "What would you do if you found yourself in a position where you had to eat human flesh in order to survive?"

Peter had been told he could **take all the time** he needed, and two hours later he came out of the office looking like he'd just been to the funeral of his best friend. The secretary **swung around** in her chair in surprise when Peter approached her from behind.

"Oh, you," she said. "I'd completely forgotten about you. I think Mr. Beetlebottom has already gone home for the day."

"Could you check?"

The secretary seemed a little irritated. It's hard enough having a job where you are taking orders from people all day without having to take more of it from some **newbie** from off the street. Just the same, she picked up the phone and called Mr. Beetlebottom.

Then, she stood up **stiffly**, marched from behind her desk and **started** down the long hallway, looking behind her shoulder and almost clicking her fingers after Peter, as though to say: Here, boy! Peter followed ten steps behind her.

Peter was led into a conference room that had wood paneling on the walls and a long oak table with sixteen chairs around it. There were

windows on one wall that looked out onto the city and its buildings that were constantly in each others' shadows.

Peter sat at the table facing the wall and a large poster with more racing horses. This one had the slogan: The difference between a winner and a loser is a **fraction of a second**. That fraction of a second is what we call Excellence!

After a ten-minute wait, Mr. Beetlebottom came into the room, carrying a plastic bottle of water in one hand and a few sheets of paper in the other. He sat down opposite Peter.

"Well, I must say, you're the first candidate to **get the mystery right**," he said. "I wrote the question myself, you know. I was living out in Vancouver for six months and I read the story in the paper about the mystery of the feet and the running shoes. Perfectly true story, you know."

"Sounds **reasonable** enough," Peter said.

"Most candidates can't get past the idea of what the foot is doing in the water in the first place. They get hung up on ideas of sharks or maniacal, foot-chopping murderers and so on. You're the first to realize that it doesn't matter how the foot got there. That the bay is probably full of dozens, if not hundreds of bodies. Suicide. Murder. Simple drowning. Whatever. And since no one knows the bodies are there, no one is looking, and it would be an impossible task to find the bodies anyway. So there they sit on the bottom of the bay, **rotting** away, and when a foot is finally separated from the body by the **mere** act of time and decomposition, it floats to the top because it's in the rubber shoe. And rubber and plastic running shoes **float**. How did you get it?"

"Luck?"

"No, come on, Peter, **there's more to it** than luck."

“It reminded me of the time I was in Niagara Falls,” Peter finally admitted, “and there was an accident. A young Japanese tourist climbed over the protective **railing** so her friend could get a better photo. Well, it’s very **misty** there, as you can imagine, and she **slipped** on the rocks, **slid into** the water and **went over the side** without a sound. While the police were looking for her body at the bottom of the Falls, they found another one they weren’t looking for and didn’t know was there. That’s when I **figured** that bodies of suicides and drowning victims probably go over the Falls all the time, and if anybody actually sees them, they probably think it’s a log or something.”

Mr. Beetlebottom nodded and Peter continued: “I mean, water from four of The Great Lakes goes over the Falls. So, why wouldn’t all the bodies go over them too?”

“Yes, yes, I see what you mean,” Mr. Bettlebottom said. “Well observed.”

“Okay. Thanks,” Peter said.

Mr. Bettlebottom **gathered** the papers he was holding, **pulled them together**, **tapped** them **endwise** on the table, then placed them **aside**.

“I’m going to recommend you for our internship program, Peter. You will be paid $4,000 a month for the **duration** of your training. It lasts about 400 hours, though we expect you to finish your MBA in the meantime. Will that be possible? Don’t worry, we’ll give you any **flexibility** you need to finish your education correctly. We don’t want any **dummies** here.”

Peter nodded. Mr. Beetelbottom continued: “You will work on a wide **variety** of tasks, some of which may seem **mundane** to you, but are of great help to others in the firm. Approximately half your work will involve analysis and project management, **in tandem with** a mentor who will be **assigned** to you. The other half of the work could be anything else, including simple **filing**. The objective here, Peter, is for you to **get**

**a feel for** what a Hedge Fund does, and what it doesn't do. Most people, and I'm including most MBA students here, Peter, **have little clue** as to what Hedge Funds are."

Peter nodded. He was starting to feel like that **dashboard** ornamental dog again.

Mr. Beetlebottom continued: "In most simple terms a hedge fund is a **pooled** investment vehicle which is, in this case, administered by us. A fund is usually structured as a **limited liability** company. Our clients are institutional investors such as pension funds, banks and insurance companies. Because we don't sell to the general public, but only to **accredited** investors, we **bypass** direct regulatory **oversight**. Because we bypass licensing requirements of other investment companies, we have a flexibility and freedom they can only dream of.

"Now, here at Empire Capital Fund Management, we have partners, who typically invest their own money in many of our **endeavors**. Mr. Theodore Strong, as Chairman, is one of our leading investors as well. Hedge Funds typically attract investment by the confidence the senior partners can **instill**, so the personality of Mr. Strong, and other leading partners, may be said to be major **factors** in a fund's success.

"There are certain sectors and management styles that a fund can **pursue**, and here at Empire Capital Fund Management, we have what is known as an Event-Driven Strategy. In general terms, this means we look at situations in which the **underlying** investment opportunity and risk are **associated** with an event. We seek opportunities in consolidations, **acquisitions**, recapitalizations, bankruptcies and liquidations.

"Now, during your internship, I'm placing you with Donald Austen. You'll find, I think, he's a man who works hard and plays hard. A real Headgie if I ever met one."

“Okay,” Peter said. “It sounds very exciting. What department will I be working in?”

“Well,” Mr. Beetlebottom continued, “Donald is in Risk **Arbitrage**. This is the buying and selling of the **stocks** of two or more **merging** companies to take advantage of market **discrepancies** between acquisition price and stock price. And, as a hedge fund manager, Donald uses research and analysis to determine if **any given** event, like a merger, will actually take place, and in what form it will actually happen. In simple terms, we need information to correctly **price** our offers.”

Mr. Beetlebottom looked at his watch, stood up **abruptly** and walked to the other side of the table where Peter was.

“Now if you’ll excuse me,” Mr. Beetlebottom said, “I have to be running. **I’m due** on the golf course. Yes, it’s true what you’ve heard. That’s where the big deals are made. Good luck. Welcome to the firm. I hope you **have a blast**!”

# CHAPTER 6

**PETER FOUND A ROOM** to rent in an apartment in the West Village part of New York. A 28-year-old **bond** salesman by the name of Henry Dolittle had somehow managed to **score** a comfortable two-bedroom apartment in this trendy and **residential** part of Lower Manhattan, and found Peter through a **classified ad** on the internet. Shared rent: $1,600 a month, each.

The two men quickly learned they **had** enough **in common** to be able to stand each other as roommates, and though Henry was more of a **party animal**, it soon became apparent that a friendship as well as a shared living arrangement was developing.

As a bond salesman, Henry's job was to spend ten hours a day talking into the phone, **spinning** the most outrageous **stories** of opportunity and riches to **would-be players** who were no more than salary men with more dreams than **sense**. Henry secretly envied Peter his job, but he wasn't the type to **hold that against** Peter personally. Every Friday night, Henry and Peter had a party which attracted every possible **sort**.

In the meantime, Peter had been in constant contact with Abby on Skype – he preferred the messaging because it gave him more control, or at least he felt it did. She, on the other hand, preferred his voice, which, she found, **stirred** something deep inside her. She wasn't sure if she wanted that feeling stirred, at least by him, but there it was anyway and what could she do? It had been there from that first moment in front of the convenience store.

Things, however, seemed to be progressing frustratingly slow. He couldn't amaze her with his stories (she didn't really believe them

anyway). He wasn't **inclined to** **boast** about the size of his bank account (which, in truth, was quite average anyway). She wasn't impressed when he quoted someone else's poetry (she wasn't as dumb as all that). He might have tried writing his own, but he had long ago taken the advice of his favorite poet Charles Bukowski, in his *Advice to Young Men* when he says, **something to the effect of**: "Brush your teeth with gasoline. Sleep all day and climb trees at night. [...] Run for mayor. Live in a barrel. Break your head with a **hatchet**. BUT DON'T WRITE POETRY."

He finally just got to the point during one of their Skype conversations and he told her that he couldn't stop thinking about her. And when he said it, his voice **dropped** **a register** and her temperature rose a **notch**.

After three weeks of this, Abby finally agreed to meet Peter again and come to one of his parties. She showed up wearing a fire-engine red skirt that stopped a few inches above her knees. She had large, black, horn-rimmed glasses and because it was autumn, and often rainy, she wore a simple, olive green raincoat, beige stockings and practical, black shoes.

She arrived with a couple of red **carnations** and a bottle of bourbon. In her glasses her eyes were more **prominent** than ever.

"The flowers are for you," she said, pushing them into his hands. "And the **booze** is for your roommate."

They walked together into the living room. There were about fifteen other people there, and most of them being regulars and friends, **made themselves** very much **at home** – feet on the coffee table, girlfriends on the **lap** and so on.

No one there was older than 35 and all of them worked in the financial industry – well, except for Ralph, a towering six foot six basketball player on a university **scholarship** who had a part-time job delivering sandwiches to office workers.

Ralph’s girlfriend, Sally, had gone to the washroom to powder her nose and so he waved his hand to Peter and Abby to join him on the **couch**.

Abby sat squeezed between the two men.

“Is Peter here giving you any trouble?” Ralph asked with a very serious face.

“What?” she said.

“Is he giving you any trouble?” Ralph repeated louder.

“What kind of trouble?”

“Well,” he said confidentially, “this is just between the two of us, of course...”

Abby looked to her right at Peter, who was listening and smiling.

“But,” Ralph continued, “at the end of the last party, after most of this **riff-raff** here had left, we had a regular girl fight right over there in the kitchen. It seems our nice, quiet Pete here is more trouble than he **lets on**. And so I ask you again. Is he giving you any?”

“Well,” she replied, looking over at Peter again. “No. Not yet anyway. But, you know,” she added, looking back at Ralph, “the night is young.”

“Indeed it is!” Ralph exclaimed, then stood up to help his **wobbly** girlfriend sit down on a kitchen chair next to the front door.

By midnight, the party had gone from **frivolous**, to **indignant**, to flirty, to **laid back**. Peter lay on his back on a small carpet that was in the middle of the living room. Abby sat on the couch next to a 30-year-old man called Joey who still had **pimples** on his face. Although the first impression was: here is a man who still lives with his mother, the fact was, he had made so much money on Wall Street his mother lived with him.

“But I’m telling ya,” Joey was **muttering** into her ear, “those stinking bastards who hide up in Connecticut in their mansions are killing the

**goose that laid the golden egg**."

"What are you talking about?" she asked, quite annoyed. She didn't let on that he was basically talking about her own father and family. "And besides all that, you're just jealous. In fact, you are probably the biggest **creep** I've met this week, and with this city full of your types, that's saying a lot." Then she stood up and sat down cross-legged next to Peter. Her skirt **hiked up** her thighs and Peter put his hand on her knee.

"Hey, Peter," Henry said. "Why don't you tell everyone what happened to Jack Asscot at your office last Tuesday."

Someone **chimed in**: "Isn't he the guy that jumped off the building?"

"Yea, that's the one," said Henry. "Peter was there, he saw it all."

"Wasn't that from that building on Pearl Street?" someone added. "I think it's called The Long Drop."

"Sure," Henry said, "that's where Peter works."

Suddenly, everyone leaned forward towards Peter with **keen** expectation. There's nothing like a **grisly** story to animate the mind of a New Yorker.

Someone continued: "Well, I had actually heard of him, through the grapevine **so to speak**. The word on the street is that the world is a better place without him. But come on, Peter. Tell us."

Peter told his story: "Well, I sit in an office with ten other people. I have a small desk that faces the window. So there I was on Tuesday, doing some bullshit analysis that my mentor had given me to **plough through**. I had heard of Jack Asscot, of course, and even saw him once as he was getting on the **executive** elevator to the 26$^{th}$ floor. I say of course, because although most of us most of the time don't meet the partners, we're intimately aware of their existence through the **barrage** of emails and inspirational memes they keep sending our way. I had the impression this Asscot character was some kind of **lackey** for a couple of

the partners. In the men's toilet someone had scribbled: Jack Asscot is a **pimp**. It was **scrubbed off** by the next day, but by that time everyone had seen it, so we started calling him The Pimp. Every time we got one the inspirational reminders signed J.A., we'd say to each other: Hey, The Pimp has sent another email. Have you read it? No? Well, neither have I! Ha. Ha. Ha."

Peter looked over at Abby to see how she was taking his story. She was completely **expressionless**.

"I feel kind of bad about it now, naturally. Shouldn't talk badly about the dead and all that, although at the time he was the picture of health."

Someone said: "Go ahead and talk badly about the dead. That's what the dead are for."

Some else said: "Shhh. Can't you just get on with it, Peter? We're dying to know what you saw."

Peter continued: "Well, like I said, I work on the 23rd floor and my desk faces the window. Well, I was staring out of the window, as I **tend to** do a lot, and suddenly someone fell past the window. He seemed to be going **in slow motion**. It's surprising how slowly people actually fall. Anyway, he was **lined up** completely vertically, with his feet facing the ground and his head up top. He had this beautiful head of graying hair and it sort of **flapped** in the wind, almost romantically. The bottom of his jacket was **fluttering** in the same way. His face was completely bored. He could have been standing on the executive elevator, you know, going down, only there was no elevator."

"What did you say then?" someone asked.

"I just said, kind of loud so everyone could hear me and looked up: I think someone just dropped past my window. Of course, every eye went towards the window, you know, just to make sure, then they looked back at me and said: bullshit. I said no, really. Well, the windows in our

office are permanently locked. They say it's because we have air conditioning but everyone knows the reputation of the building and the real reason. Anyway, we couldn't open a window to look down, right? But a minute later someone came running into the office saying Jack Asscot had just jumped from the top floor and landed on a jogger who was passing by on the street below."

"What an asshole," someone said. "Did the jogger die too?"

"No," Peter said. "Last I heard she was going to be paralyzed for the rest of her life though."

Someone who had been listening to the story carefully, asked: "But how did he open the window if, as you said, they are all locked shut."

"Well," Peter said, "I've never been on the 26th floor so I can't say for sure. The common **consensus** is that one window is especially kept unlocked for just such occasions."

"You must be kidding me, man," someone said. "But why did he do it?"

"Well," Peter continued, "he didn't leave a note so it's anybody's guess."

## 1. Choose the correct answer a or b.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** The building on Pearl Street has a notorious reputation because...

**a)** some employees took their lives there.

**b)** the management is very ruthless.

**2.** When he completed the test and left the office, Peter seemed...

**a)** relieved.

**b)** to be in a somber mood.

**3.** The secretary's behavior could be described as...

**a)** haughty.

**b)** defamatory.

**4.** When Peter said that someone had just dropped past the window, ...

**a)** everyone became animated and stood up.

**b)** no one believed him.

## 2. Choose the correct answer a, b, c or d.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** The police watched the accident ..... slow motion to determine what had caused it.

**a.** in **b.** on **c.** by **d.** at

**2.** Do come in, Sally, and ..... yourself at home.

**a.** feel **b.** do **c.** make **d.** come

**3.** I know I called you names that night but I hope you won't ..... that against me. I was drunk.

**a.** keep **b.** hold **c.** take **d.** make

**4.** Though ..... and time-consuming, this task taught me to be patient and conscientious.

**a.** mundane **b.** detrimental **c.** fallacious **d.** groggy

**5.** I didn't know Sue was such a party .....! Still waters run deep.

**a.** pooper **b.** animal **c.** spirit **d.** clown

**6.** Oh, did we have a ..... last night! That was the best party I'd ever been to.

**a.** blast **b.** whizz **c.** fun **d.** tiff

## 3. Decide if the sentences are correct. Correct the wrong ones.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Neither the students nor the teacher seems interested in finding a solution to this problem.

**2.** Sue confided in me, what really surprised me as she's usually very reserved and taciturn.

**3.** These nuts taste bitterly. Do you have anything else to nibble?

**4.** This is the last time I'm washing your underwear. You never even thank me for that!

**5.** Poland is playing with Germany tomorrow. I think it'll be an exciting match!

**6.** According to me, Susan is not a very good teacher. She can't even explain basic concepts to us.

## 4. Complete the sentences with the words from the box, changing appropriately if necessary.

[ check the answer ]

| booze | wobbly | boast | instill | notorious | rotten |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

1. We needn’t have bought so much ..... . Most of our friends don’t even drink.
2. It’s about time we replaced this ..... beam. The roof may cave in any day now.
3. I suggest you find another chair to change the bulb, Robin. This one is ..... .
4. If you want your child to be courageous, you need to ..... self-confidence in them.
5. I wish she would stop ..... about her social life! It all sounds so far-fetched.
6. Stay well clear of this area. It’s ..... for muggings and street fights.

# CHAPTER 7

**IT WAS TWO IN THE MORNING** when the party started to break up. Peter went out with Abby and they started walking the street. The night was chilly and the wind was **brisk** but the sky was a clear navy blue.

Their hands naturally found each other and they walked like that through the quiet streets. Peter raised her hand to his mouth and kissed her fingers.

The West Village is a residential neighborhood, with lots of small shops, **curiosity** and antique **stores**, jazz clubs and **cozy** restaurants that stay open 'till the **wee hours**. Near Peter's apartment there's a Chop Suey joint run by a Hindu Indian. A shop with **saris** and perfumed candles run by a Chinese guy. A **dirty book** store run by a gay Nigerian and a Polish takeaway place run, surprisingly, by a Polish man from Katowice.

The Polish takeaway has a window facing the street and it was still open, with its **pungent** smell of cooking sausage and frying onions. They had something called a Polish Dog and it was served on an over-sized hot dog bun and covered with fried onions and cabbage. Peter stopped at the window to order one of them.

As he and Abby waited, Peter asked her how she had enjoyed the party.

"I mean," he said, "I hope you didn't take anything I said seriously."

"Why not," she said. "You can't tell me anything about my father's company that I don't already know."

"Do you know why Jack Asscot jumped?"

“No, I can’t say that I do.” She looked to her left and down the street. She looked to her right and up the street. “And I can’t really say if he jumped at all.”

“What do mean?”

“Well, **dead men tell no tales**. **Who’s to say** he wasn’t pushed?”

As Peter was **taking this all in**, the Polish guy, Tony, **jutted** his hand out of the takeaway window, holding a **steaming** sausage under Peter’s nose.

“Hyr ju ayr, mystr Pityr, uan fresz, tejsti poulysz hat dag.”

“What did he say?” said Abby.

Peter turned to her while taking the Polish Dog. “He said ’One fresh, tasty Polish hot dog.’ My friend Tony here speaks Polish English with a Brooklyn accent.”

Tony continued: “Mejbi de lytl lejdi uants a snak tu?”

“Would you like something to eat?” Peter asked her.

She looked at the sausage in his hand and said: “Looks like **indigestion** in a bun to me.”

Peter said to Tony: “I think she’ll **pass**.”

“Szi mysys sumtyng gud, no? Aj kud put a litl mejenejz end masterd on yt lyk e topyng.”

“No, no, that’s fine, Tony. How much do I owe you?” Peter said, handing him a 100-dollar bill.

“Hawent ju got enyfyng smoler?”

“Not really.”

Tony had to start digging under the **counter** where he kept some money **stashed**. Tony kept money hidden in different parts of his little takeaway; that way, if (and when) he was robbed, he wouldn’t lose more than fifty or sixty dollars **at a time**. He also knew fifty or sixty dollars

would satisfy the common **hopped up** **stick-up** man, because it was enough to **score** some heroin and more than enough to go over the moon and back on crack cocaine.

As Tony handed over the change, he grabbed hold of Peter's wrist and pulled his face closer so he could whisper in his ear. They were so close, Peter could smell the **pickles** and onions on Tony's breath.

"I heard about your little troubles," he whispered in fluent American. Peter looked more than a little surprised by the sudden change in accents. Tony continued: "My **parish** priest happened to be on the scene when that guy landed splat on the pavement at the foot of The Long Drop. The guy was still alive and Father Kowalski **took his confession** before he **croaked**."

Peter looked into Tony's **earnest** eyes. There was a mixture of fear and fascination. Tony continued: "Well, Father Kowalski and I play poker together on Wednesday nights and a little of it kind of **came up** in conversation, as it tends to do when you start drinking and playing cards. Yea, even with a priest. Only human **after all**, right?"

"**Get on with it**," Peter muttered. "What did he tell you?"

"Well, apparently this dude..."

Suddenly there was a **screeching** of tires behind Peter. He swung around just in time to see a kebab delivery van run into a dog on the street. The dog **yelped** before it went under the tires. Abby gripped his free hand so hard he dropped his sausage onto the **sidewalk**.

Peter and Abby ran over to the scene of the accident. The driver of the van, a Mexican guy with a big moustache, stepped out and started inspecting the damage to the front of the car.

"Holy Jesus, mother of Christ! That **freaking** dog put a **dent** in the car. What's my boss now going to say to that, huh?"

Abby kneeled down and started **petting** the dog's head. Its chest was **heaving** up and down like a racing motor and there was blood coming out of its ears.

"Is he still alive?" Peter asked stupidly.

Abby looked over her shoulder. "Yes, but he won't be for long."

By this time, Tony had stepped out onto the street too in front of his takeaway saying: "Kol de polis! Kol de dokter! Kol fer help! Oj, de por litl dogi. Tri rysasytejszen!" Then, he walked up the driver who was pulling out his own hair and wondering what he was going to tell his boss about the damage to the van if his friend over in Yonkers would be able to fix it before he **went off shift** at 8 am. Tony shouted at him: "Ju stupyt uet bak! Hau ju get yn Amerika, huh? Fakyng uet baks."

A yellow cab was just passing at that moment and Abby **flagged down**. She told the driver she wanted him to take her and the injured dog to an all-night veterinarian hospital she knew. The driver said: "**Say what**! There's no way, lady, that I'm putting that **bashed up**, blood-covered animal in this cab." And he sped off before he heard Abby **cursing** after him.

Then she went up to Tony. "Listen, do you have a car or something so we can take this animal to the hospital?"

"Aj fink it haz e spajn yndżeri so ui got tu bi kerfel. But je, szur."

Tony quickly closed his takeaway and the three of them squeezed into his small Toyota. Abby sat in the back, with a blanket on her knees and the dog on the blanket. The dog was coughing blood onto her red skirt.

When they reached the all-night animal hospital, the dog was carefully placed on a **gurney** by two **orderlies** and rushed into the emergency operating room. Then, Tony, Abby and Peter went to the waiting room and sat on plastic chairs under fluorescent lights. The hospital was a **hive of activity**, just like any common city hospital in New York at three

o’clock in the morning. Most people don’t **give it much thought**, but the fact is the cats and dogs of Manhattan suffer just as much injury and trauma as any of its citizens. Traffic accidents, of course. But also gunshot wounds. Domestic abuse. Knife attacks and **assault** with intention to kill, such as when some **yahoo** tries drowning the cat in the bathtub.

The three of them sat like that, **mulling over** the fate of the poor animal. What’s more, the fate of Jack Asscot also played on their minds like a reoccurring advertising **ditty** that wouldn’t go away.

Here was Abby, The Insider. Peter, The Witness. And Tony, the holder of The Confession. Separately, their stories didn’t **amount to a hill of beans**, but together they held the keys to a mystery that presented more questions than answers.

They sat in **pensive** silence, not completely realizing each was a missing piece to the others’ puzzle.

At three thirty, the vet came into the waiting room, **peeling off** blood-**stained** rubber gloves and **tossing** them into a garbage can.

“Well,” the vet said. “It was **touch and go** there for a while, but he’s going to **make it**.”

“Thank God for that,” said Abby, visibly relieved.

“The bad news is,” the vet continued. “He’ll never walk again.”

# CHAPTER 8

**ABBY STRONG DIDN'T** spend a lot of time at her father's place in Connecticut, preferring her small apartment in mid-town Manhattan. She preferred it because it was hers; a divorce present from her husband a couple of years earlier. She also preferred it because hardly anyone from her father's world, or her father himself **for that matter**, knew she had it or knew where it was if they suspected. In Connecticut she could **leave behind** her ex-husband's ugly English bull dog, Liar's Poker. She left behind her graduation photos on the walls and wedding photos in the wardrobe and father and daughter photos on her father's desk and all the photos of all the false smiles for the cameras.

There was a doorman inside the front door of the apartment building. His name was Albert. He looked like a doorman because he had a typical doorman's uniform, but in New York City doormen carry guns under their jackets and behind their smiles. At least, that is, in **swanky** apartments, which this one was. The doormen at less swanky places carried knives or **black jacks** or both.

Early that morning, Tony's car **pulled** in front of the building and Abby and Peter got out. Peter was carrying the semi-conscious animal in his arms and they rushed inside, because raindrops had just started falling. Tony went to find a parking space in a side street.

"Good morning, Miss Abby," said Albert as they entered the building.

"Good morning, Albert."

"Dear me," Albert continued. "What have we got here?"

"This dog was hit by a car. I've decided to adopt him."

Albert looked with admiration at this, his favorite resident, and held open the small glass gate which led to the elevators. Peter and Abby and the dog went up to the fifth floor.

Albert went back to a little desk, a smile on his face. He thought of Abby as an angel of **mercy**. This was the fourth time in a year Abby had brought some beat-up **stray** animal home – twice cats and once a rabbit she'd found eating rotten lettuce leaves outside her favorite Greek restaurant. They'd all died rather quickly, of course. This was her first time with a dog (second if you count Liar's Poker). As for men, well, that was another story. Anyway, **her heart was in the right place**, that's for sure.

"That's for sure," Albert said to himself, settling in front of the small **flickering** TV on his desk.

Abby's apartment was small but cozy. There was an open kitchen that looked into the living room, which had a small balcony leading off it. There was one bedroom and a **walk-in closet** next to the bathroom. Abby started clearing boxes off the floor of the closet. Then she laid a couple of blankets on the floor and told Peter to put the dog on them.

The dog **whimpered** a little, then quickly fell asleep. Abby left the door of the closet slightly open, then went to the kitchen and **put on the kettle**.

Tony arrived, muttering something about how hard it was to find a place to park, then the three of them sat on the large **chesterfield** which faced the balcony and the window. They watched as the sun began to rise in the cloudy sky over the city.

"I never thought it would **come to this**," she said, taking a **sip** of hot tea from the large mug she was holding. "No one liked Jack Asscot, but I never thought it would come to this."

Tony was about to open his mouth, but Peter **glared** at him.

“Do you know,” Peter said, “this lousy bastard here is the biggest **fake** I’ve ever met. He speaks English better than you or me.”

Abby didn’t seem all that surprised. She **took it for granted** that everyone in the world was wearing a mask of one kind or another.

“Well,” Tony said, pulling slightly at his collar as though he was having trouble breathing, “it helps sell hat dags.”

They sat in silence to consider that. They were **dog tired**, and drank their tea and looked at the gray sky and thought about selling hot dogs.

“So, who was this guy?” Peter finally said. He hadn’t forgotten her words. Something about Asscot’s being pushed.

Here, in a nutshell, is what Abby Strong had to say:

Jack Asscot worked on the top floor, it’s true, but he wasn’t a partner in the firm. He had an office on the top floor, and his business card said he was a “facilitator”. What he **facilitated** is anyone’s guess, and it’s no wonder he was known as The Pimp by everyone on the 25$^{th}$ floor and below.

To be fair, and more **accurate**, his job was to be the Vaseline whenever a business deal **got stuck**. The preferred method of unsticking problems on Wall Street is to **co-opt** the person or people **in question**. That might be anything from a piece of **insider** information, a well-timed birthday present, promises of future considerations, a new job, an envelope of cash (**laundered** drug **money** has to get back into the system somehow) or, indeed, a party with **hookers**.

Again, that isn’t as easy as it might sound, because it isn’t enough to get in the car and pick up a couple of girls off the street. Any person could do that for themselves. No, Jack Asscot’s job was the **peddling** of trust. To the **casual** reader, it may seem **odd** to give such a job to the least **trustworthy** person in the firm, but in the business world it makes perfect sense. This would be something like giving the keys of the larder

to the most **gluttonous** person you can find. First, this person would be familiar with all the **tricks of the trade** if anyone wanted to break in. Secondly, you wanted to put such a person in a place where you could **keep the closest eye on them**. The final piece of the puzzle is to have something, some **threat** so great hanging over that person's head that they would sooner die than abuse the trust put in them.

If the preferred method of unsticking problems, the soft handed approach of gifts and favors, didn't or couldn't unstick the problem, then good old Plan B would **be dragged out**. No one talked about Plan B and as far as everyone was concerned, Plan B didn't exist.

Recently, Empire Capital Fund Management (ECFM) had been involved in a deal that would make or break the company. According to the company brochure, ECFM was incapable of even being able to get itself in that position. The underlying idea of a hedge fund is that where it loses in one place, it wins in another, simply by **having its fingers in** every possible **pie**.

The reality, however, is slightly different. And so was the market. Since the 2008 crash, the Fed had been pumping money into the financial system – it was called **quantitative easing**, which, **come to think of** it, is what Vaseline does too. Anyway, the financial system was swimming in easy and cheap money; they had more of the stuff than they knew what to do with. And as anyone knows, if you go to the supermarket with ten dollars in your pocket, you shop carefully. And when you go to the supermarket with a thousand dollars in your pocket, you throw all kinds of stuff into your basket. In other words, (and quite ironically) although there was deflation in the general economy (because quantitative easing didn't put money there), the stock market and the **futures** market and the commodities market were highly inflated. Investors were spending too much for **assets** of little value. And they were getting richer than ever before, because, in simple terms, an

investor doesn't **cash in on** the value of an asset but on the value of the transaction and **well-timed** buying and selling.

Anyway, ECFM had recently taken a large position in a pharmaceutical company and wanted to use its eventual ownership to participate in the management of that company. This strategy was based on its belief that it was **predicting** correctly the final **approval** of a new cancer drug, one that had been heralded for more than three years now (and when something is heralded long enough, and **filters down** to normal people, they start demanding it from their doctors. Then a problem that started in the laboratory, and moved on to business investors, finally becomes political).

So everything seemed set, except suddenly a major class action **lawsuit** was launched against the pharmaceutical company, with **participants** from all across the board – doctors, Greenpeace, scientists, cancer patients, you name it. One name not on the lawsuit was that of Bernie Gold.

However, Theodore Strong saw the invisible hand of Bernie Gold in the lawsuit. He could **smell a rat** that was bigger than Godzilla, and was damned well not going to let his Jewish competitor **screw him** on the deal.

That's when Jack Asscot and Plan B **came into the equation**.

## 1. Decide if the statement is true (T), false (F), or the text does not say anything about it (D).

[ check the answer ]

**1.** The streets were almost deserted when Peter and Abby went for a walk. **T / F / D**

**2.** There was a pervasive smell of Polish cuisine around the Polish takeaway parlor. **T / F / D**

**3.** Abby didn't want to divulge why Jack Asscot jumped to his death. **T / F / D**

**4.** Abby had difficulty understanding the Polish guy. **T / F / D**

**5.** The cab driver objected to having a bleeding pooch in his cab. **T / F / D**

**6.** Abby's dog, Liar's Poker, was also badly beaten in the past. **T / F / D**

## 2. Choose the correct collocation(s) for each word. There may be more than one correct answer.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** to file / to formulate / to lose **a lawsuit**

**2.** to feel / to suffer from / to sense **indigestion**

**3.** drug / children / alcohol **abuse**

**4.** **screech of** brakes / a baby / tires

**5.** **pungent** smell / taste / aroma

**6.** high / empty / credible **threat**

**7.** **steep** roof / stairs / face

**8.** **brisk** movement / walk / pace

**9.** **tricks of the** job / craft / trade

**10.** **to take sth for** guaranteed / granted / obvious

## 3. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Ann sounded **r**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ when I told her that her daughter was found safe and sound.

**2.** Our boss doesn't **a**_ _ _ _ _ of our having smoking breaks. He says they decrease our productivity.

**3.** Only after I'd taken a few **s**_ _ _ of whisky did I manage to speak to her.

**4.** There were very few **p**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ in the race so it was called off.

**5.** I don't know what gave me this **i**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ but I'm not eating in this lousy bar again!

**6.** You can't wear this shirt, it's **s**_ _ _ _ _ _ . Put it in the washing machine.

**7.** – Why have you taken a loan?
– **C**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ killed the cat. Mind your own business!

**8.** I can't find my wallet. I must have left it in the pub on the **c**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ .

**9.** The new equipment that has been installed in our school has **f**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ teaching a great deal.

**10.** When I accidentally told my parents that my brother had played hooky, he **g**_ _ _ _ _ at me for a few seconds as if he wanted to kill me.

# CHAPTER 9

**ABBY, PETER AND TONY** all got up at the same time, and started stretching their legs. Peter went onto the balcony to smoke a cigarette. Abby checked on the little **mongrel** dog that was lying in her closet. After that, she had a quick shower and changed into jeans and a T-shirt. Tony walked around the living room, casually looking at the little **knick-knacks** Abby had on one of the bookshelves. There was a crystal unicorn, only its horn was broken and missing; a ceramic figure of an 18th-century woman in a delicately painted dress, a harmonica in the key of C and a plastic pencil sharpener in the shape of Einstein's head, with an open mouth where you were supposed to stick the pencil in.

Peter went to the kitchen to **rustle up** some food. As he was boiling some **noodles** (the only thing **edible** he could find in her cupboards), Abby **sidled up** next to him. She looked very different in jeans and T-shirt. The ends of her hair were wet, her face was **flushed** and her glasses were slightly fogged up.

"What's it going to be?" she asked him.

He looked sideways at her. "Noodles," he said. He wasn't sure if she was being serious.

She seemed quite impressed. "Where did you learn to cook?" she asked him.

"I've spent most of my life alone, so it's natural that you learn to cook for yourself."

She looked back into the bubbling pot of water and noodles.

"Are you sorry I **got you into** all this?" she asked.

"All what?" he asked. "Anyway, what's there to be sorry about?"

“Well, you know, I have this talent for picking up **underdogs**.”

“Is that what I am?”

“You’re something of a mystery, Peter Goodman. I’m still not sure what to make of you.”

Peter liked it that way, and he raised his eyebrows and smiled at her.

It was morning rush hour outside in the street, but here in the small apartment the three of them sat down to some noodles with a simple garlic and **chives** sauce Peter had managed to **pull together**.

After eating they sat again on the couch and while drinking freshly **brewed** coffee, Peter told his side of the story.

The Witness:

Peter’s desk in the offices of Empire Capital Fund Management faced the window. To either side of him sat Louis Barnacle and Reggie Sinclair, the other two interns. Because the two Whartonites faced each other, they were constantly chatting, and Peter, in the middle, had little **recourse** except to stare out the window when he wanted to rest his eyes from the computer’s evolving and automatically updating graphs and **charts**.

When Louis and Reggie had taken Mr. Beetlebottom’s original **placement test**, they both, somehow, scored identically. On a scale from one to a hundred, under Hungry they scored 96. Under Smart they scored 32. Under Humble they scored 3.

As a result, they were both **slow-tracked**, and instead of having an internship of 400 hours, as Peter had, their internship was scheduled to last 800 hours. With this extra time, they worked on one of ECFM’s sub-contracted arrangements with a brokerage house called Peabody Brothers. Unlike Hedge Funds, which only sell to licensed institutional

investors, Peabody Brothers went after **every Tom, Dick and Harry**, not to mention Jane and Jill, who earned more than $30,000 a year.

Louis was talking emphatically into a hand-held telephone **receiver**. “Well, Mr...” he quickly **glanced down at** the paper in front of him... “Applebaunn, we’re **near-term** **cautious** but long-term optimistic. Yes, that’s right. Hmmm. Correct. Well, the stock market is down today on technical factors. Yes, that’s what I said. TECHNICAL FACTORS. Yes. Well, I can’t say. Last week’s **rally** was what we call in the business a **dead-cat bounce**. What? **Unwarranted**, see? Just keep in mind, sir, the trend is your friend. If I were you, I’d **put some slide in my glide**. Yes. Oh, really? I’m sorry, what did you call me?”

Louis suddenly **slammed down** the phone. (Wall Street types still preferred the old-fashioned, desktop phones of **yore**, because there’s nothing like the satisfaction one gets from slamming down a telephone receiver.)

Reggie was watching his friend while all this was going on, his smile so wide his white teeth looked ready to burst from his mouth.

“Muppet!” Louis said.

Reggie nodded, and before Louis even had time to catch his breath, he was dialing the next number on the **sheet** in front of him.

“Hello, Mrs. Greenway! Louis Barnacle here from Peabody Brothers. And how are you today? Oh, I see, that’s too bad. Well, there was a **downtick**. Technical factors, you know....”

He slammed down the receiver again. “Dope!”

Reggie Sinclair was also busy on the phone. His approach **appealed** more to the intellect. The theory was, if Reggie couldn’t **snag** them with a reasoned argument, then Louis would follow up with emotion, and vice versa.

“Well, Mr. Dingle,” Reggie was saying, “as you know, sir, investment in equities, properties and **fixed interest securities** are subject, among other things, to inflation risk.”

Reggie was supposed to stick to his script as the reasonable one, but as he was driving to ‘double his comp’ he had the **tenacity** of a Gila Monster.

Reggie continued: “Well, as you know my job here is to identify and manage risks related to your investment. Well, the ‘whisper number’ would suggest otherwise. Yes, that’s right? What? Well, ummm, it was probably technical factors, they’ll get you every time.” The line went click...

This time Reggie slammed down his phone. “Meatball!”

Peter had to sit there, looking out the window and listening to this nonsense. Then, his boss, Donald Austen, came up behind him and placed both hands on Peter’s shoulders. A little too personal, Peter thought. But Donald Austen was always doing that, and when he did it to the women in the office and they complained, he said: “I can’t help it! I’m a very **tactile** man.” But as another man, what was Peter supposed to do without going into ‘the **weird** zone’? So he noted it, then set it aside.

Mr. Austin bent down and whispered into Peter’s ear: “They want to see you upstairs.”

Peter got up and followed Mr. Austin to the elevator, and he could feel two sets of jealous eyes watching him walk away. When they got on the elevator, Mr. Austin pressed 25.

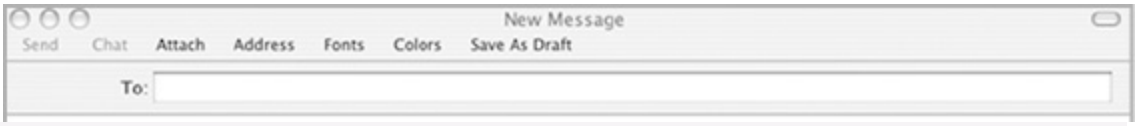
“I thought you said we’re going upstairs,” Peter said. He thought they were going to the executive top floor on the 26th. Mr. Austin turned to face Peter. “Don’t get too **cocky,** son. **It isn’t becoming**.”

Here was something else that Peter noted. Yes, you’re right, cockiness is the surest way to look like a **prick**. Then, like everything else he was

noting and learning, he set it aside.

On the 25th floor, Peter was given a second desk. He was going to spend half his time here on the 25th floor and the other half back with the Whartonites. It was felt this would keep him Humble.

He was given a new and secure internet address and when he opened it for the first time, there was an e-mail from Jack Asscot waiting to be read.




Hello, Peter, and welcome to the Team!

As you may or may not know, ECFM has recently bought a large **stake** in Coors Drugs and Pharmaceuticals. With its new cancer drug, we expect this company to **outperform** anything else in our portfolio. However, recent events involving a **lawsuit** have put a small wrinkle on things. You'll be working on my team, under Don Austin, in gathering analysis on this **ongoing** development. Our job here is to facilitate a satisfactory solution to this very real threat. I have been allowed to inform you that the lawsuit is one not based on merit, but has the nature of a personal vendetta among **parties** I don't care to name here. Our investors are counting on your enthusiastic participation in meeting this **cumbersome** challenge.

I hope to meet you soon as I've heard great things about you.

Remember the words of that great Republican president George Bush Senior: 'We'**ve got the bastards by the short**

**and curlies**. Now all we got to do is pull!'

J.A.

Later that day, Peter was called to Mr. Austin's office. He was still on the phone, so Peter sat opposite him and waited patiently. He noticed the reproduction of DaVinci's **Last Supper** which hung on the wall.

Finally, Mr. Austin hung up and **sighed**.

"It's not an easy thing, being in the middle of a shit storm." He looked at Peter intently, then looked behind himself to see what Peter had been looking at.

"I see you've noticed the picture of J.C. and The Boys. Classic, isn't it? I've certainly **drawn** more than a little inspiration from it. It's got everything you might meet in life in one picture. Friendship. Food. Religion. Drink. And **betrayal**."

"Yes, it's quite interesting. J.C. and The Boys, is it?"

"Yea, well, anyway," Mr. Austin continued. "All I'd like to say is this: You can't **fell a forest** without cutting some trees. A word to the wise, son," and here he winked, "if you see a shooting star, don't forget to make a wish."

That afternoon Peter returned to his desk on the 23rd floor. That's when he saw Jack Asscot fall to his death.

# CHAPTER 10

**IT WAS ABOUT 10 AM** in the morning now. Peter, Abby and Tony were ready **to hit the hay**. The mongrel, meanwhile, slept like a baby in the closet. That was a good sign. Sleep is the one medicine that never leaves **side effects**.

They decided to have yet another cup of coffee. It was Tony's turn now to fill in the missing piece to the ever-deepening mystery of the death of Mr. Jack Asscot.

Here is the story of J.A.'s confession to Father Kowalski as told by Tony:

Father Kowalski was a priest at The Church of The **Ascension** in lower Manhattan. This Catholic church was built in the middle of the nineteenth century, and at the time its **spire** was visible for miles around. Today, of course, it'**s dwarfed by** the skyscrapers that surround it. You would never find the church by looking for it, and tourists who **came across** it did so accidentally, with the **remark** that it was so small and **quaint**.

The parish of The Church of the Ascension was not typical, as there were few residents who actually lived anywhere near it. Being in the heart of the financial district, it rather serviced those Catholics who worked in the area and preferred to spend their work-day lunch breaks at church and their Sundays on the golf course. The added benefit of such a church was that the priests wouldn't have any personal knowledge of the people who came to Mass and Confession.

This anonymity was a great relief for Catholics who wanted to **get something off their chests** (and souls), but could then go home to New

Jersey, or wherever, and **go about** their suburban town life and church duties with a conscience **as clean as a whistle**. It was very useful for many people to be able to go about their family lives in this way, because as often as not (being successful and important people) they played important roles as local church leaders, community **fund-raisers**, little league baseball coaches and **all around** good guys and solid, flag waving Americans.

Most had ambition. Some secretly (and inexplicably) thought they were Presidential material. All of them felt the right to **lecture** their children with the same **pompous** bullshit their own fathers had **bestowed** on them. Anyway, it wasn't **prudent** to have some priest knowing your secrets. Even if he wouldn't go so far as to **spill the beans**, you could be damned sure he'd threaten you with just that if you didn't **cough up** a generous donation for the new roof for the church.

So every day from 11 am to 2 pm, Father Kowalski sat in his **confessional box** and heard the most abominable stories from the most **upright** of citizens. For the most part, Father Kowalski gave them **absolution**. They showed up, after all, what else could he do? They left money in the box, that always helped. He was also an honest man, quite **suited for** his role. Back in Poland, as a young priest, he had had a **torrid** affair with a married woman. It led to the breakup of her marriage and she spent years seeking help, first from psychologists, then from new-age, feel-good gurus.

He put it behind himself. He was transferred to New York and he finally forgave himself. He figured he could do no less for the men and women who came to him.

Father Kowalski was also pragmatic in his approach to the saving of souls. Not everyone in heaven could be a saint. People would be needed to polish the silver, dust the thrones, **vacuum** the red carpets and keep

the **moths** off the **ermine robes**. A few less than perfect souls would have to be let in, or the whole mechanism would **grind to a halt**.

Although the people who came into his confessional box were anonymous, he often recognized them nonetheless. Sometimes it was the voice – oh, here's the wife beater again. Sometimes it was the smell of their perfume.

Once, he had been shopping in Macy's and found himself standing next to a man who was talking happily with his twelve-year-old daughter. Father Kowalski recognized the smell of his perfume at once – my God, this is the man who sleeps with his young daughter. He felt a sudden **surge** of violent anger. He confronted the man, but it quickly **transpired** that this guy was Jewish. Father Kowalski **literally** ran from the place.

So now, at fifty years of age, Father Kowalski had finally and painfully matured into his role. He had concluded that lies, hypocrisy and deceit were a bottomless pit. Better just to give **blanket absolution** and leave the **sorting out** to God.

And if you're wondering why Father Kowalski was so **attuned to** smell, the explanation is quite simple. He was a very **sensual** man. The painful sexual **urges** had quietly, and thankfully, gone to sleep sometime in his mid-forties, but he had found a substitute in hot baths with **scented** oils, where he would arrange small candles around the bathtub and **luxuriate** in the other pleasures the body so desperately requires – warmth, relaxation and peace. Father Kowalski often spent hours in The Body Shop **sniffing** oils and **rubbing** creams on his soft, **puffy** hands.

One of Father Kowalski's **regulars** in the Confessional was a man who wore the perfume: Willis's Wonder. This was a perfume named after the famous American actor. It's smell was **pervasive** and annoying – something like the smell of **rosemary**.

So, this is how it all began. As far as Father Kowalski was concerned, Jack Asscot was Willis's Wonder.

When Willis's Wonder first started coming to the Confessional about two years earlier, his confessions were **textbook stuff**. The kind of stuff that children **prattle off** about unclean thoughts and petty playground betrayals.

Over time, something happened to Willis's Wonder's confessions. Father Kowalski wasn't sure if W.W. (as he started to call him to himself) was just warming up in his trust, or if this man was in the middle of a serious crisis – it turned out to be the second.

"Father, forgive me for I have sinned," said W.W. through the metal **grating** that separated the two men.

"Yes, my son. What is it this time?"

"Father. A young girl has died as a result of my work. It wasn't my fault, Father. She wasn't supposed to be there. It was **unintentional**."

"Have you **reported** this to the police, my son?"

"There's nothing to report, Father. She was found ten minutes after it happened."

"But you were responsible?"

"I don't know, Father. I don't know," and W.W. started **sobbing**.

Father Kowalski waited as the man calmed down. Another part of Father Kowalski's job was **taking** everything he heard **with** a huge **grain of salt** – that took time to learn too, but was **inevitable** with experience. If even half of the confessed murders he heard were true, there would be no one left living in the city.

W.W. had finally calmed down enough to continue: "No one knows about it, Father. Except my bosses. And now they're using it against me, Father. It's so **unjust**!"

“There’s no justice in this world, my son. We must look to God for that.”

“Yes, Father, yes. But you don’t understand. They want me to do things. It’s hanging over my head, Father. It’s guilt, Father, yes, guilt, that’s true. But worse than that, my bosses will never let me forget.”

Before Father Kowalski had time to consider his reply, the man suddenly stopped **sniffling**. “Please, Father, give me absolution for my crime. It was an accident. I didn’t mean it.”

“But the girl is dead nonetheless. Isn’t that true?”

Suddenly the man on the other side of the metal grate seemed to **stiffen**. He sniffled. He **snorted**. Then, after more **rustling**, he left the Confessional box.

Father Kowalski didn’t give it another moment’s thought and the next person, a woman who couldn’t stop dreaming of sex with two black men in an elevator, quickly changed the subject in his mind. She was the one who smelt like a skunk who had taken a bath in tomato juice.

All this would have been forgotten if Father Kowalski hadn’t been out walking on that **fateful** day when Jack Asscot (aka Willis’s Wonder) made his fatal **leap**.

He hadn’t seen the moment of **impact**, but his attention was attracted when someone screamed: “A priest! A priest! Is there a priest anywhere?”

Father Kowalski **trotted** to the scene. There were two people lying on the pavement. The man who had jumped had landed on a woman, and she lay **to one side**. She was asking for her Hindi guru, so Father Kowalski knelt down beside the dying man instead.

He recognized the smell of W.W.’s perfume immediately. He got closer.

“Are you Catholic, my son?”

“Yes,” **whimpered** the dying man.

“And you go to The Church of The Ascension?”

“Yes, sometimes...”

Father Kowalski started **crossing himself**.

“Father,” **croaked** the bloody **pulp** of a face. “Forgive me....”

“My son?”

“I couldn’t do it. So they pushed me...”

“They pushed you?”

Father Kowalski leaned closer: “Why did they push you?”

“I couldn’t do it...”

“Do what?”

“Beatrice Goodman had always been kind to me.”

“Beatrice Goodman?”

“Father....”

“What?”

And that’s when Jack Asscot died. Friendless. Hated by all. And unforgiven.

## 1. Match the parts to create sentences.

[ check the answer ]

| | |
|---|---|
| **1.** After that she had a quick shower and donned | **a.** on things was recent events involving a lawsuit. |
| **2.** What has put a damper | **b.** the parish of The Church of the Ascension typical. |

| | |
|---|---|
| **3.** Today this church seems to be eclipsed | **c.** off their chest frequented this church very often. |
| **4.** By no means was | **d.** with a huge grain of salt. |
| **5.** People who wanted to get something | **e.** by the skyscrapers that surround it. |
| **6.** Another part of Father Kowalski's job was taking everything he heard | **f.** her jeans and a t-shirt. |

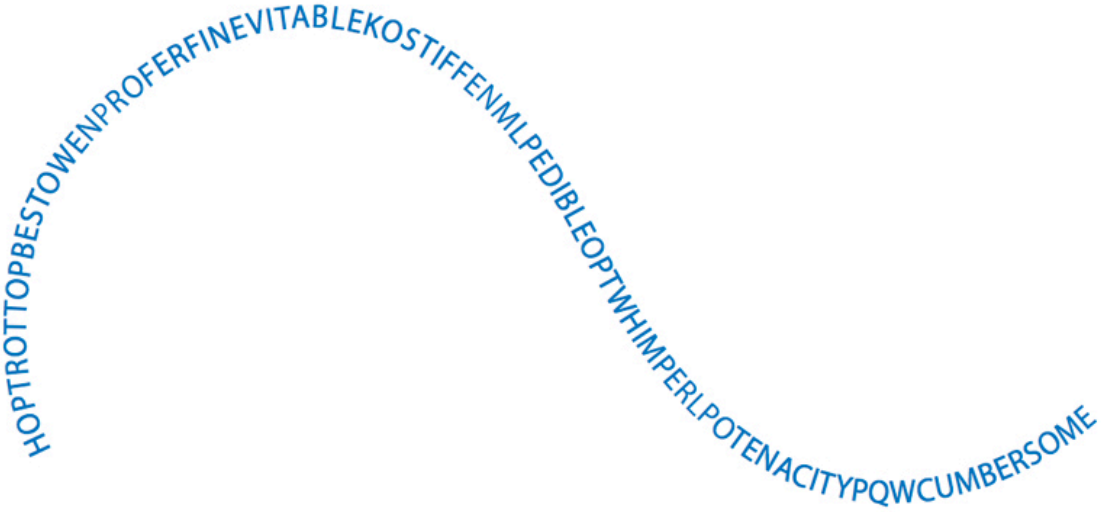
## 2. From the given words form the word forms indicated in brackets.

[ check the answer ]

| | |
|---|---|
| **1.** to betray | → ..... (noun) |
| tenacity | → ..... (adjective) |
| **2.** stiff | → ..... (verb) |
| obedient | → ..... (noun) |
| **3.** to hate | → ..... (noun) |
| obstinate | → ..... (noun) |
| **4.** cautious | → ..... (noun) |
| threat | → ..... (verb) |
| **5.** to pursue | → ..... (noun) |
| curiosity | → ..... (adjective) |

## 3. Find eight words and use them in the correct form to complete the sentences.

[ check the answer ]




**1.** ..... and conscientiousness are his two best qualities. He just won't give up. Ever.

**2.** The injured fox was in real pain and kept ..... until painkillers kicked in.

**3.** I'm afraid that strike seems ..... . Some workers have already downed tools.

**4.** Your neck wouldn't have ..... if you hadn't been sitting in front of your computer for hours on end.

**5.** Is this dish even .....? It looks repulsive!

**6.** Dragging suitcases around is rather ..... so I've always preferred to travel light.

**7.** He was banished for abusing the power ..... on him by his liege lord.

**8.** Seeing that dusk was close, I loaded the sacks onto my donkey and once again we ..... off towards the horizon.

## 4. Match the words with their definitions. Two extra definitions have been given.

[ check the answer ]

| | |
|---|---|
| **1.** puffy | **a.** a court case against an individual or an organization |
| **2.** urge | **b.** a dog of different breeds |
| **3.** cautious | **c.** a lazy person who doesn't do much work |
| **4.** lawsuit | **d.** swollen |
| **5.** mongrel | **e.** careful about what you say or do |
| **6.** cocky | **f.** uninteresting and boring |
| **7.** tactile | **g.** relating to the sense of touch |
| **8.** prudent | **h.** a strong desire |
| | **i.** too confident and therefore annoying |
| | **j.** sensible and careful |

# CHAPTER 11

**PETER COULDN'T BELIEVE** his ears.

"But Beatrice Goodman is my aunt!"

"Yes," said Abby, "I know."

"Your aunt?" Tony asked, truly surprised.

"Yes," Peter repeated. "My aunt. What's she got to do with all this? She's retired and living in Connecticut with her two cats."

Abby stood up abruptly from the chesterfield and went out onto the balcony. Peter followed her. He lit a cigarette and leaned against the balustrade. Abby was next to him, her eyes firmly **fixed** on the **cityscape**.

"I got you into this, Peter," she said.

"Here you go again. What do you mean, got me into it? Into what?"

Now she turned to face him. She had the expression of someone who had just eaten a whole lemon.

"Didn't you think it was a little **odd** how easily you got into the firm? I mean, you're hardly qualified, are you."

Peter's mind started **racing through** the events of the previous month. It's true, things had happened very quickly. And things came very easily, even to the point where he was suddenly working on the 25th floor. But he had thought it was because he was Hungry, Humble and Smart.

**Snippets** of conversations came **rushing back** to him. At the time he had heard them, they had been floating **free radicals**, not sticking to anything, not sticking into any **coherent** narrative, so he had **duly** noted them and then set them aside. **Play ball**. It's perfectly legal. **Backstage**

operators. Doctor Benway's miracle cure. Don't be too cocky, it isn't becoming.

"What does it mean?" he finally croaked.

"My father asked me to help **settle you into** the firm."

"But why?"

Now she was staring at him intently with those eyes of hers, through her horn-rimmed glasses.

"Why?" she asked rhetorically, and raised the palms of her hands to the stormy skies above.

Peter Goodman may have been a good man, too good to be able to see, **let alone** understand, the **plots** and conspiracies that surrounded him. He may have been rather vain, so when people told him he was great, he had little trouble agreeing with them. He may have been a simple man, who didn't have the imagination to think that people might operate from motives quite different to his own. This might sound strange, considering the number of criminal books he'd read in his lifetime, but that **only goes to show** there's not much you can really learn from a book – who knows, maybe people like Peter think reality is one thing and fiction another. Maybe this world is made up of people who see and hysterically try to arrange the personal dramas of their **miserable** lives into best-seller material.

Abby continued: "You should talk to your aunt about that. My father asked me to bring you into the firm. That's all I really know."

Like anyone who's life had suddenly been turned upside down by the person standing in front of them, he found he had a problem believing her. He didn't know if he wanted to **throttle** her or just run as fast as he could away from her. But he stood frozen, because he felt with every bone in his body that his survival depended on understanding what was actually going on.

“I do know,” Abby continued, “that your aunt Beatrice and my father are connected somehow in business. That your aunt Beatrice is more than just a retired old lady with **floozy** pink hair who likes listening to Frank Sinatra.”

“Really!”

She nodded. “And there’s something else I know. That somehow, YOU, Peter Goodman, are the key to the whole works.”

“Me?”

“There’s a parallel world to the one you’re living in, Peter, and you don’t even know it.”

Peter started to **get the shakes**. A cold wind suddenly **blasted** him and he felt the cold reach his bones. He quickly **retreated** back into the apartment. Tony was **snoozing** on the chesterfield.

“Tony,” Peter said. “Tony!” Tony **woke up with a start**.

“**Let’s get going**,” Peter said.

Peter saw an old-fashioned telephone on the table next to the chesterfield, and had a sudden thought to call his aunt **there and then**. He picked up the receiver and started dialing the **rotary dial** of the ancient machine, but stopped before the last number. It occurred to him that someone might be listening in. No, this was a conversation that he had to have with his aunt B. face to face. He hung up the phone, and dialed his own apartment. His roommate, Henry Dolittle, picked up.

“Henry,” Peter said. “What are you doing?”

“Not much.”

“Listen, I need you to do me a favor.”

“Sure,” Henry said.

“I haven’t gone to work today. And I’m going up to Conne... No, **scratch that**. Anyway, if anyone from my company calls, I need you to tell them I’m lying sick in bed with **laryngitis**.”

“Sure, Peter, no problem,” Henry said, **chuckling** a little. “How did you get on with Abby after you left? I suppose you’re at her place now?”

Peter’s heart skipped a beat. “Why do you say so?” he asked.

“No reason.”

“So mind your own business.”

“Listen man, what’s got into you?”

Peter took a deep breath. Paranoia raced through his veins, that’s what it felt like, hot and burning and electric stuff inside him made him feel all **tingly**.

“Listen, Henry,” he said, “sorry. I’ve had a **rough** night.”

“Yea, well it sounds like it.”

“So we’re good? And you’ll remember if my company calls?”

“Sure, Peter. You can count on me.” Then they hung up. Peter was just putting on his jacket when Abby called him from the doorway of the balcony.

“Peter,” she said.

“What?”

She approached him and placed her hand on his forearm, squeezing it tightly.

“I didn’t know anyone was going to die. I don’t know anything about my father’s business, not really. I mean,” she emphasized, “not really. I want to help you with this, if you’ll let me.”

“Maybe you’ve helped enough,” Peter said bitterly.

“I didn’t tell you about my mother, did I?”

“I didn’t know you had one. Never even occurred to me, actually.”

“Well, that pretty well **sums you up**, doesn’t it. Anyway, I do have a mother. You didn’t see her because she lives in her bedroom.” She paused to **picture** the image. “If you can call that living.”

“So what’s wrong with her?”

“She **dropped her marbles** and hasn’t been able to pick them up. It started when I was a kid. The crazy behavior. I was a kid so I can’t say how much my father **drove her to** madness, or how much she drove him to other women and dirty business. You know what it’s like. We only get to know our parents when we’re all grown up.”

“Actually, I don’t know anything about it. Like I said before, my parents were never around much. Then my mother died and my dad disappeared into Africa.”

Abby felt a **stab** of sympathy, like she always did when she saw a wounded animal.

“Listen, Peter,” she said emphatically, “I’m on your side. There’s nothing much I think I’d enjoy more than to see my dad **go down**. And if that’s the way it’s going to **play out**, you can **count me in**.”

“Someone,” Peter said, “once told me that some people, like some banks, are too big to fail.”

“That’s not true, Peter. No one is too big. Even the strongest oaks sometimes fall. Especially when they’re pushed with a bulldozer.”

# CHAPTER 12

**PETER BOARDED THE TRAIN** to Connecticut and started the three-hour journey north. He was afraid to go back to his apartment first, so was only traveling with the clothes on his back. He'd taken two thousand dollars from an ATM[4] at Pennsylvania Station and decided to only use cash **from then on**, because he didn't want his movements **tracked** by his credit card usage.

Peter sat in one of the train's comfortable, **reclining** chairs and tried to get some sleep. He would **drift off** to sleep for five or ten minutes before being **startled** awake. He'd look around himself. He casually glanced at the young man who was sitting opposite him reading a copy of The New Yorker. That's odd. Who ever heard of anyone younger than fifty reading The New Yorker? Then he drifted off to sleep again for another five minutes.

When he woke up again, he plugged in the earphones he always carried with him into the little hole in the arm of the chair to watch TV.

The TVs were tuned into a business news channel and there was an interview with Clinton Bilge, a senior figure in the Federal Agency called Homeland Security.

Apparently, computer hackers had recently broken into the **classified** files of The Federal Reserve[5], and Homeland Security[6] was called in to find the **culprit**. Because the information was classified, it was technically illegal for the media to publish what had been **exposed**, but apparently it was something big. Mr. Bilge had a face the color of a tomato.

Mr. Bilge was saying: “The United States cannot tolerate terrorist activity of this nature. And make no mistake, this is terrorist activity and the person or persons involved will feel the full weight of the law. What’s more, this is hardly the first time. Homeland Security has seen a **marked** **increase** of terrorist activity against financial institutions and similar **regulating** agencies. And we **aim** to put a stop to it.”

“A case can and has been made,” the interviewer said, “that when illegal activity by the Federal government is exposed, it’s not terrorism but **whistle blowing**. I mean, there are precedents. Legal precedents.”

“Now let’s make one thing perfectly clear, Mary,” said Mr. Bilge in a **condescending** tone, “computer hacking by any definition is a crime. **Period**. And publishing state secrets is **treason**. Where’s the mystery in that?”

“Yes, but still....”

“No ifs-ands-or-buts, Mary.” Mr. Bilge **glared** at the reporter, who was a young woman Peter didn’t recognize. Must be new, he thought casually to himself. Then the interview suddenly ended, and ten minutes of commercials followed, all selling products for **chronic bowel problems**, everything from **laxatives** to coffee to prune juice. Apparently, the viewers of this business channel were seriously full of shit.

Meanwhile, at the studio, when the director called “cut”, Mr. Bilge rose from his seat and, while smiling, whispered into the reporter’s ear: “You bitch! If you ever do that to me again, I’ll tear off a piece of your **hide** and make myself a pair of shoes with it.”

Peter drifted back off to sleep. He awoke just as the train was pulling into Small Town, Connecticut. The young man sitting opposite had disappeared in the meantime, and when Peter got off the train, he found himself alone on the platform. However, just as the train started to pull

off, a man at the other end of the train quickly opened the door and jumped down onto the platform.

Peter started walking to the **taxi stand**. Before reaching it, he doubled back a couple of yards and hid behind a column. The man who was behind him passed and then stopped in front of a taxi. He looked around himself. Then he looked at his watch. He didn't seem sure what to do. Finally, almost **reluctantly**, he got into a cab and it drove off.

Peter decided to walk to his aunt's place, it was only a couple of miles and he thought it might be more **prudent**. As Peter walked, he realized that his caution was probably unnecessary. What would be the point of following him, really? Still, the feeling was strong enough.

When Peter reached his aunt's place, he approached the back door. To people of other countries, it might seem strange that suburban houses in America don't have **fences**. What these people probably don't realize is that the **occupants** of these American houses have two or three handguns strategically hidden, so they are handy in case of a **break-in**. From this point of view, who needs a fence?

Peter looked through the window into his aunt's living room. She was in an armchair with her two cats on her **lap**. The warm light of a floor lamp was on and she seemed to be staring at the wall while a Frank Sinatra song was **blasting** on the stereo: "You'd be so nice to come home to, you'd be so nice by a fire."

Peter **rapped** on the window. Nothing. He knocked harder. Then he practically **banged** on the window, almost breaking it. The only result was that the two cats jumped to the floor and ran under the sofa. His aunt continued to stare into space.

Now, Peter started to get alarmed. He found the key under the **flowerpot** next to the backdoor and **let himself in**. The **big band** sounds of Nelson Riddle echoed through the house, **rattling** the china dishes in

the kitchen cupboard, then Frank Sinatra started singing: “Start spreading the news...”

Peter went up to his aunt and taking the **remote control** next to her hand, **muted** the music. “Peter?” she said, **groggily**. “I’ve been expecting you.”

Peter jumped back like a cat who’d just **chewed** an electric **cord** to the **copper** center. He thought she was dead, but in fact, and this he didn’t know, she always slept with her eyes wide open.

“You’re a **sight for sore eyes**,” she said.

Fifteen minutes later they were facing each other across a coffee table, with a freshly brewed pot of black tea **steaming** between them.

Aunt B. let Peter get everything off his chest, confirming all of Abby’s stories with a tired nod of the head and a **resigned** “yes, yes” as was necessary. She drank her tea with four spoons of sugar.

“I was afraid all the way up here,” Peter said, “that I was being followed.”

“Well,” she said, “I don’t know. It’s possible, I suppose. But unlikely. This isn’t the movies, you know.”

“Sounds more like a horror show, if you ask me.”

“Jack Asscot had to be **sacrificed**.” She drank her tea with a **sucking** sound, because she’d forgotten to put in **her dental bridge**. “I’ve known him all my life, you know. Hedgistan is a pretty closed world. Jack Asscot was a man who was born to be the **fall guy**. Jack Asscot! Do you know what we used to call him at school? Jack Ass.”

“But why was he sacrificed?”

“**Payment in kind**. He was indirectly responsible for the death of Bernie Gold’s daughter. You see, he’d gone to threaten Gold. Being an **ass**, Jack Ass didn’t know that Jews aren’t allowed to use electrical **appliances** during their Sabbath. So, when Jack Ass finally realized that

his modified, back-firing, electrical beard trimmer wasn't going to be used that day, he entered their house with plans of employing good old-fashioned physical violence. The kid somehow got caught in the **struggle** that followed."

Peter shook his head and covered his face with his hands. Aunt Beatrice poured him some more tea.

"**There, there**, Peter. The only reason I was **misleading** you was to protect you. From yourself, really. I knew that if I'd told you everything **from day one**, you wouldn't have come on board. I needed to **ease you into** things."

"Peter," she continued, "when I was your age, I was a lot like you. I probably thought that I was basically a good girl. A good person. It took some time, and Theodore Strong, that bastard, to teach me that what I thought was good was in fact just shallow and **one-dimensional**. Do you know of all the mammals, people are the most **predictable** of all? And the most **suggestible**. Just compare us to cats, for example," she said. One of her cats, Lucky or Luckier, Peter wasn't sure, had at that moment leapt up onto her lap for some petting.

"Believe it or not, I used to wonder why people lied so much. I mean, all the time. Even when they're lying, they're lying! Well, I came to the sad conclusion that our most basic, instinctive nature was pure and good and hopelessly **unsuited** for survival. It's only through the personality we create and form that we become unpredictable, and so, **fit to take on** the world and its struggles."

Peter sipped his tea. His aunt B.'s hair was standing up on end like a psychedelic firework. She took a deep breath and sighed loudly. Then she reached forward and **patted** Peter's hand.

"Bernie Gold," she said, her voice suddenly **husky**, "is offering to **drop the lawsuit** if I take care of Theodore Strong. I've been thinking about it long and hard, but I'm damned if I can make a decision. Seeing

how you’re going to take over my empire someday, it seems high time to bring you in on the decision. What do you say, Peter? Do we **whack** Strong? Or would a sex scandal be enough to remove him from the playing field?”

# CHAPTER 12½

**IT WAS AT THIS POINT** that Peter finished telling me his story. I didn't know whether to believe him or not.

We ordered another beer and looked out over the water. Clouds were forming on the horizon, but that's normal for Seattle. It's always raining out there. I checked my mobile and there were three messages from my wife.

The first one: "When are you coming back? I'm at the hotel."

The second one: "Where the hell are you?"

The third one: "Get your ass back here now, or you're sleeping in the hall tonight!"

I told Peter I'd better be getting back, because I was on my honeymoon, and murder mysteries and honeymoons don't normally **go together**. His **haunted** face became **stricken** and he **grasped** my wrist tightly.

Then he began. It started as a **mumble** and soon became **fever-pitched**.

"What could I do? I'm not a psychopath. I ran. I've been gone for seven weeks now. I was going to change my identity."

"Well," I said. "Then it's all taken care of." If you think I sounded too casual, it was because I wasn't sure if I believed him. Would you believe such a story from someone you'd briefly known sometime **way back** at school, and then that someone shows up out of nowhere while you're on your honeymoon in Seattle? Besides that, I seriously wanted to get back to my wife, and Peter's story had turned from being slightly interesting,

even **amusing**, to **downright** conspiracy theory stuff. And I'm not a conspiracy theory type of guy.

Peter continued: "The thing is, Abby has been sending me emails, and even though I don't answer them, I don't answer anything, you know, but I've been reading them. She wrote me last night that aunt Beatrice had died and that I was suddenly the major shareholder of a multi-billion dollar Hedge Fund that I didn't even know existed six months ago."

When Peter **put it that way**, I had to smile privately to myself. What a sucker I'd been to be listening to his ridiculous story. I guess it was **for old times' sake**. Because he obviously needed someone to talk to. But it was suddenly clear the someone he should be talking to was a doctor.

I started typing an SMS to my poor wife back at the hotel: "Be there **in a jiffy**. Cool the champagne and warm up the bed!"

I stood up abruptly. "Well, Peter," I said. "It was really nice meeting you."

He looked up at me with **imploring** eyes.

"Like I said: The Wife. You know. Honeymoon and all that." I started to **shuffle** slowly in the direction of the exit. Peter just sat there, **defeated** and **distraught**. Anyway, I finally left him there alone, and went up to my hotel room where the love of my life was waiting with a soft mouth and a hard word.

The next day we woke up bright and early. We ordered breakfast in bed and it came to our room on a **tray**, with a newspaper.

I glanced at the headlines, thinking that the cares of the world would have to take care of themselves for a few days. I was an **off-duty** citizen.

The headlines blared: "Wall Street magnate Beatrice Goodman found dead in her Connecticut home. Search is on for **heir apparent** Peter Goodman!"

## 1. Decide if the statement is true (T), false (F) or not mentioned (D).

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Abby assured Peter that he got the job because he was well suited for it. **T / F / D**

**2.** The books he read taught Peter how to get through the vicissitudes of life. **T / F / D**

**3.** Peter's mum became unstable after her husband went to Africa. **T / F / D**

**4.** Abby wanted her father to be brought to book for what he'd done. **T / F / D**

**5.** Peter withdrew some money to avoid using his credit card. **T / F / D**

**6.** Hackers who broke into the classified files uploaded all of the documents on the Internet. **T / F / D**

**7.** When he left the train, Peter felt as if he was being followed. **T / F / D**

**8.** If aunt Beatrice had told Peter the truth, he would probably not have accepted the internship in the first place. **T / F / D**

## 2. Match the words with their definitions.

[ check the answer ]

| | |
|---|---|
| **1.** culprit | **a.** to bite something into small pieces |
| **2.** treason | **b.** to attack sb by squeezing their throat |
| **3.** condescending | **c.** unpleasant and difficult |
| **4.** groggy | **d.** behaving as though you feel you're better |
| **5.** to chew | **e.** sb who has done sth wrong |
| **6.** husky | **f.** weak because you're tired or ill |
| **7.** throttle | **g.** violation of allegiance |
| **8.** rough | **h.** deep, quiet and hoarse (voice) |

## 3. Use the words from the box to complete the sentences.

[ check the answer ]

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **throttle** | **groggy** | **misleading** | **reluctant** | **culprit** |

**1.** The evidence you gave, Mr. Evans, was quite ..... . Now we may have to charge you with perjury.

**2.** Mum was still feeling ..... from the anesthetic, so the doctor advised us to come over later.

3. Susan was ..... to admit that she'd made a mistake. She insisted it was my fault.
4. I was so angry with Joe that I could ..... him with my bare hands!
5. Someone has smashed the bus shelter near my house. The police are looking for the ..... .

## 4. Complete the sentences with the words in brackets in English.

[ check the answer ]

1. I love this ..... (miedziany) candle stick! Do you think I should buy it?
2. Before an operation patients are usually given a ..... (środek przeczyszczający).
3. It's high time we painted this ..... (płot). It's rusty.
4. The patio was surrounded with ferns in big clay ..... (doniczki).
5. Where's the ..... (pilot)? The news is on in a minute.
6. He can barely make a cup of tea, ..... (nie mówiąc o) a pavlova! He must have ordered it.

# CHAPTER 13

**PETER'S FLIGHT LANDED** in LaGuardia four hours before the funeral, and Tony and Abby were there to meet him. As Tony's small Toyota made the trip up to Connecticut, the three of them talked about what had happened in the meantime. Peter's disappearance wasn't discussed, as his stricken face pretty well told the whole story anyway.

"She was discovered dead in the bathtub," Abby was saying. "Apparently, she'd been drinking heavily, and there were **traces** of **barbiturates** found in her blood too. She drifted off to sleep and drowned in two feet of water."

"An unlikely story, if you ask me," Tony said, as he tightly **gripped** the car's steering wheel. He loved to drive fast, and when he was **agitated**, he liked to drive faster than ever.

"**The thing is**," Abby said, "I can't see how killing her would solve anyone's problem. There's still Peter."

Yes, there was still Peter, and suddenly and for the first time the truth of that **statement** hit the three of them at the same time.

"But, no," Abby said. "I mean, how far can you **stretch** a story and how many 'coincidences' does it take before someone notices?" Tony shrugged. He didn't answer her question because Peter sat there in the back seat looking like a ghost. But having grown up in the **perverted** environment of Communism in Eastern Europe during the 1980s, Tony knew that a lie is either accepted or it isn't – it hardly mattered how many lies followed the original – **might as well** be a million.

When they arrived at the cemetery, there were at least a hundred people standing around the open grave. An oak coffin sat over the six-

foot-deep hole on an aluminum stand. Someone had found a priest on an internet site called: Hire-a-Priest, and the elderly man stood **at the head of** the grave with a small black book in his hand.

Peter and his friends **worked their way through** the **huddle** of people. There were six chairs next to the coffin and five were empty. Theodore Strong stood up and shook Peter's hand.

"I'm so sorry about your **loss**, Peter," Mr. Strong said. "She was a fine lady." Then the four of them sat down, because the priest was just beginning.

"Dearly beloved," the priest began, staring into the little book in his hand. "We are gathered here today to join in **holy matrimony**..." then he looked up, and not seeing a bride and bridegroom in front of him, suddenly seemed confused. He stared at the coffin, slightly shook his head and **flipped** the pages in his book until he found the funeral **service**, and began in a hesitant voice: "It's not often a woman like **fill-in-the-blank** comes among us, and we must remember that it's not with a sense of loss but with hope in the **everlasting** life **here after** that our dearly departed fill-in-the-blank, shuffling off the **mortal coil**, does fly to heaven to **consort** with the heavenly host."

The service continued like this for five minutes, and everyone pretended that everything was normal. Peter looked at the faces standing around him. The fat face of Sidney Longstreet squeezed itself into a smile when Peter made eye contact with him. Everyone from the office seemed to be there. In fact, there was no one else there except the people from the office.

After the service, Abby and Peter got into the back of a black limousine with Theodore Strong. Tony, meanwhile, went back to his Toyota. **Little did he know** that during the service someone had cut the line which **fed** **brake fluid** to his wheels. He started the noisy car and **skidded off** into the sunset, leaving a dusty trail behind himself.

In the limousine, Mr. Strong and his daughter Abby sat side by side in the back seat, and Peter sat facing them.

“Well, Peter,” Mr. Strong began. “Let me tell you again how sorry I am for your loss. I know you both were very close.”

“Well,” Peter said, “she was the only family I had left. I’m kind of feeling like a bit of an orphan just now.”

“That’s completely understandable,” Mr. Strong continued. “Of course... You’re always welcome to our family. I hope you know that. I hope,” he said, **casting a glance** at his daughter, “that Abigail has made that more than adequately clear.”

Peter looked at Abby. He wasn’t sure what to make of her expression – she had the best poker face he’d ever seen.

“Perhaps not in so many words,” Peter said.

“Well... perhaps she’s shy.”

“It’s not the first word that comes to my mind to describe her. But anyway, she did tell me a little about your family, and your wife.”

“Oh, yes,” Mr. Strong said. “My wife. Well, you can meet her now if you’d like. We’re going to the house. This morning she was as **chipper as a squirrel**. She gets like that when someone dies, especially another woman who I’ve, well, let’s say, had business relations with.”

“You don’t say. She doesn’t get out so often, as I understand.”

“Yes,” Mr. Strong mused, “that’s perfectly true. She does love to lie in bed.”

“In a room in the farthest corner of the house, no doubt,” Peter said. “Under lock and key.”

“Now come, come, my dear boy. Do I look like a monster to you?”

Peter didn’t answer.

“There are more ways than one,” Mr. Strong continued, “to **exercise persuasion**. In fact, I hope when we get to the house and share a whiskey together, you’ll allow me to try some on you.”

Meanwhile, about half a mile in front of the limousine, on the same road, Tony was making good time in his Toyota. He was thinking of the plan he and Abby and Peter had made while driving up to the funeral. He wanted to get to Small Town before them, so he could hide the car and keep an eye on Strong’s house.

At the moment he was **rounding a corner**, about 30 miles an hour faster than he should have, a woman pushing a **baby carriage** just started to cross the road. When Tony saw her, his foot flew to the brake pedal and he pushed down hard – if he had been under the car, he would have seen that with that final push the last of the brake fluid **spurted out** of the line like blood from a **severed** artery.

Tony **stamped** on the brake pedal another three times. The woman was by now right in the middle of the road and instead of running, stood frozen. At the last second, Tony **swerved** and drove straight into a large tree. The car **crumpled** up like a beer can and Tony died instantly.

A few minutes later, the limousine came to a stop behind a line of cars. Mr. Strong leaned forward, **brushing** against Peter, and rapped on the window that separated them from the driver. The window rolled down.

“What is it, Rochester?” Mr. Strong asked the driver.

“Seems to be an accident, sir.”

“Oh, for goodness sake. Can’t you get us out of here, man?”

The driver nodded, turned the car around and returned back down the road. There was a **dirt road** that led off the main road, and the car turned into it. They drove through a forest for ten minutes, and when the car came out, they were already in Small Town.

# CHAPTER 14

**WHEN THE LIMOUSINE** reached the Strong house, it was already dark, and yet the house seemed to glow in the moonlight. There was another car already parked in the long driveway. They went through a side door of the house and the driver drove the limo somewhere deeper onto the property where the garage was hidden in the shadows.

"Let's go up right away," Mr. Strong said. "It seems that Doctor Benway is already here."

The three of them climbed the stairs and walked down a long, **winding** corridor until they reached the last door at the end. The door was slightly ajar, and Mr. Strong pushed it open.

A man of about 60 was sitting on the edge of a massive bed, in which sat a small, **withered** woman. The man was gently holding her hand, and he looked over his shoulder when Mr. Strong, Abby and Peter entered. The man didn't seem all that interested, and turned his attention back towards the woman.

The three of them came up to the side of the bed. The woman who was lying in it looked quite annoyed to see them standing there.

"Hello, dear," Mr. Strong said. The woman didn't answer. She had long, grey hair that hung down over her shoulders, a large **duvet** practically came up to her chin. Her right arm was hidden somewhere inside the duvet, and her left arm **jutted out**. The doctor held onto her left hand the whole time. To the side of the bed there was a night table that was crowded with boxes of tissues, two glasses of water (one for her teeth, when the good Doctor left), and an **assortment** of **vials** of tablets

and syrups. There was an open canister of hand cream, and **crumpled** tissues all around it.

"I've brought Abby," Mr. Strong said. "And a friend of hers."

The woman casually looked at them, but again, said nothing. Doctor Benway looked up at Peter and seemed to measure him up and down. Peter didn't like the **scrutinizing** eyes of the strange Doctor Benway – he felt he was being mentally measured for a coffin, hardly the kind of feeling you want to have when you meet a medical practitioner.

Mr. Strong bent over and said to Dr. Benway: "We'll be downstairs when you're ready." Then the three of them started to leave the room. Just as they went through the doorway, Peter distinctly heard Dr. Benway say to his patient: "Just two more pills before **tucky-uppy**, my dear."

Mr. Strong led them into the large living room. Mr. Strong sat in one armchair and Peter in another that was at **right angles** to it. Abby sat on the chesterfield across from them. A **butler** entered the room and rolled a drinks **trolley** over next to Mr. Strong, then silently drifted out of the room.

"Scotch, my boy?" Mr. Strong said, then poured two large **tumblers** without waiting for a response.

"You aunt's death," Mr. Strong began, "was more of a shock than you may realize. Besides the personal reasons, of course, but let us each **mourn** in our private ways, shall we. However, your aunt's death has **thrown** a real **wrench** into a very important business deal. Perhaps you heard something about it at the office."

"Yes, as a matter of fact I did."

"Well, I'll be the first to admit that I was unhappy that your aunt had **reservations** about the whole thing."

"Reservations about what?"

“Doctor Benway’s Miracle Cure, of course.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Be that as it may, the **yoke** has fallen onto your shoulders now that you have, quite unexpectedly I’ve been led to believe, inherited your aunt’s fortune, and in effect, become my business partner.”

“Yes,” Peter said **feebly**, “quite unexpectedly, it’s true. And **nerve-rattling** too.”

“I can imagine, my dear boy. And that’s why I’m here to offer you something your aunt would never accept from me.” Mr. Strong paused and waited dramatically for effect. Peter took a large gulp from his drink. Strong continued: “A cash **buyout** and annual **annuity** ‘till the end of your natural life. You see,” Mr. Strong continued, “we both know you know nothing about how to operate a hedge fund.”

“Well, you’re right, I don’t know, but it doesn’t seem all that complicated when you come right down to it.” Peter finished the whiskey in his glass, took a deep breath and added: “As far as I can tell, all you need to know is how to manipulate people, and kill them when they won’t be **pushed around** anymore.”

Mr. Strong was staring so hard, Peter felt like a hole was beginning to burn in the middle of his forehead. He shook off the feeling and handed Mr. Strong his tumbler. “Another whiskey, if you don’t mind, sir,” he said.

Suddenly, Mr. Strong’s **demeanor** changed. He smiled, chuckled a little and took Peter’s glass.

“A man with **spirit**, I see,” Mr. Strong said. “By George, I wasn’t expecting it! No, I must say I wasn’t expecting it. I’m always delighted to see some spirit rise in the younger generations. It gives a man like me hope.”

Peter didn't know what to make of this unexpected **outburst**. Mr. Strong continued: "I know what you're feeling right now, Peter Goodman. Adrenalin is **coursing** through your veins. Perhaps you're feeling a little **heady**. And you're wondering: Is that fear I'm feeling, or is it only excitement? Physiologically they're the same thing, you know. Fear and excitement are labels. And as labels you have no choice but to accept them. So is that fear you are feeling? You could easily change from a fearful person to an adventurous person, my boy! All you've got to do is change the label."

Doctor Benway walked into the room at that moment. It was quite clear by the way he got around he felt completely at home there. He poured himself some Coke from the drinks tray and sat on the chesterfield next to Abby.

"How's our patient, doctor?" Mr. Strong asked.

"No change."

Mr. Strong nodded **gravely**. He cast his eyes down into the whiskey in his glass, as though he saw something there.

"Doctor," Mr. Strong said finally, when he looked up. "This is Peter Goodman."

"Yes," the doctor said, "so I imagined. I've heard a lot about you." Doctor Benway was wearing a **neat** blue suit and a pale green, collarless shirt under his jacket. His handsome face was as gray as a black and white photo portrait. His hair, though, was **jet black** and quite long.

"I've asked the good doctor here," Mr. Strong said, "to **settle** any doubts you may have, and it seems from first impressions they are **considerable**, about the new drug our company is soon to **launch**."

"The **infamous** Doctor Benway's Miracle Cure," Peter said. "I've heard it before, but people were always talking in whispers when they said it."

“The Miracle Cure,” the doctor said in his **slick** voice, “will revolutionize cancer treatment.”

“And make a fortune for anyone involved, Peter,” Mr. Strong added. “My proposed annuity, Peter, will include a generous percentage of the profits, **adjusted** annually naturally.”

“It sounds,” Peter said, “like I’d better hold onto what I’ve got in that case.” He took another sip of his whiskey – strange, he hadn’t noticed that almond **flavor** at first. Since when did whiskey start tasting like almonds?

“Perhaps,” Mr. Strong said. “Perhaps. But I have a **formidable** enemy already in Bernie Gold. I hardly need a second one – your aunt understood that. She agreed to become a silent partner and I let her alone. The arrangement lasted quite a few years, until recently, **that is**. The lawsuit is **dragging up** skeletons. Some nonsense about how we tested the Cure on street people, how they started, well, I don’t really know, but I’ve even heard that one test patient had grown horns. Now, you’ve got to know these **allegations** are completely false when you heard stories like that.”

Horns? Peter thought. Horns. He was starting to feel a little dizzy. He couldn’t get horns out of his head. “Do you mean,” he **slurred**, “like horns coming out of the top of someone’s head?”

“Exactly!” Mr. Strong laughed, clapping his hands together. Doctor Benway laughed too.

Peter looked over at Abby, to see her reaction to all this. Her face was expressionless.

“Abby,” Peter said. “What do you make of all this?” He looked at her, and she started swimming before his eyes. Abby sat on the chesterfield like a **manikin** – plastic and unmoved.

Peter stood up. He was **feeling** very **dizzy**. He wanted to get out of there. He remembered the plan he had made with Abby and Tony back in the car. Tony would be outside. He would be waiting for the signal if anything went wrong. Peter knew he only had to reach the door. He put one foot in front of the other. The other side of the room seemed as far away and **unattainable** as a wish fulfillment. His legs became like **putty**. He looked back at the two men, who were still smiling and nodding. He looked at the glass of whiskey he had been drinking from. He looked at Abby, who was **motionless**. Then he crumpled and fell unconscious on the floor.

## 1. Choose the correct answer a, b or c.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Peter's aunt...

a) committed suicide.

b) was drowned.

c) died in unknown circumstances.

**2.** The priest thought the service was...

a) a funeral.

b) a wedding.

c) a baptism.

**3.** Tony had no idea that someone...

a) had tampered with his car.

b) had broken his car.

c) had broken into his car.

**4.** After his aunt's death, Peter...

**a)** inherited her company.

**b)** received a sudden windfall.

**c)** had to pay off her debts.

**5.** It had been alleged that the people who'd been given the miracle drug...

**a)** had suffered painful deaths.

**b)** had been cured of cancer.

**c)** had had their bodies changed by the drug.

## 2. Choose the correct synonyms for the words in bold.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** .... loved to drive fast, and when he was **agitated** ...
**aroused / tense**

**2.** ... with hope in the **everlasting** life ...
**ephemeral / eternal**

**3.** ... this morning she was as **chipper** as a squirrel ...
**lively / lethargic**

**4.** ... a woman was pushing a **baby carriage** ...
**pram / trolley**

**5.** ... the last of the brake fluid **spurted** out of ...
**oozed / gushed**

**6.** ... let us each **mourn** in our own private ways ...
**grieve / praise**

## 3. Choose the correct answer.

[ check the answer ]

1. When I knocked on the door, a **butler / attendant** opened it and let me in.
2. This **sheet / duvet** is not warm enough. We have to get a thicker one.
3. This prison is **famous / infamous** for extreme brutality.
4. The minister has denied all the **allegations / slanders** that have been made against him.
5. Don't sit there! You're going to **squeeze / crumple** my documents. Be careful, will you?
6. It's not a **chance / coincidence** that he got a job in that company. His father is a top executive there.
7. The customs officer asked the reporter to step aside and **searched / scrutinized** his documments.
8. You were meant to water my plants when I was away! Just look at them, they've all **withered / crumpled**.

## 4. Complete the sentences with correct prepositions.

[ check the answer ]

1. Susan often **suffers** ..... hay fever in the summer.
2. I know this poem ..... **heart**. Do you want me to recite it?
3. She did it ..... **purpose**! I saw her push him.

4. I read about it ..... **the Internet** and Susan heard about it ..... **the radio**.
5. Don’t **shout** ..... me! I haven’t done anything wrong.
6. Whether we go to the seaside or not will **depend** ..... your behavior.
7. This cottage **belongs** ..... my grandmother but we always come here in summer.
8. I’m not very **keen** ..... sushi. How can you eat raw fish?

# CHAPTER 15

**WHEN PETER AWOKE** , he found himself in a small room. He got up from the tiny bed, stretched his arms over his head and looked out the little window. He was somewhere in the countryside, and the window had a view of a **meadow** with cows in it. There were a few houses along the side of a road, and a shop with a sign on it – but the sign was written in a foreign language. He couldn't recognize the language, but noticed how the English letters had somehow grown tails and dots and **morphed** into: "ę" and "ą" and "ł" and "ż".

He sat down again on the bed and rubbed the back of his neck. He had a headache and felt very thirsty. He tried to recall the events of the previous night. Just then, the metal door to the room **swung open** and a man walked in.

"Oh," this man said. "I see you're awake. Very good."

This man was followed by another, carrying a tray with a plastic bottle of water, a plate of scrambled eggs and four pieces of buttered toast. Peter placed the tray on his lap and ate and drank **ravenously**.

When Peter had finished, the first man said: "follow me", and they walked together down a series of corridors with metal doors **on either side**. Above their heads, the fluorescent lights flickered and **hummed** and their shoes went clip-clop-clip-clop as they walked along the concrete floor. They reached a metal staircase and they started up the stairs. Now their shoes went cling-clang-cling-clang as they worked their way up.

This staircase **criss-crossed** up and up and up. Peter could feel his legs starting to burn and he wanted to ask the man where they were

going, but it was enough just **to keep pace** with him. Finally, the man looked over his shoulder when he heard Peter **huffing** and **puffing** and said: “just a few more steps now.”

They reached a **landing** and the man opened the metal door at the top. Peter followed him through and outside onto the roof of the building. It was a beautiful autumn day, an **Indian summer** type of autumn day. Birds were singing and a light breeze made the **potted** plants that were there **sway** about, almost musically.

It was a big roof, and three people sat at the other end of it on a sofa. Their legs were crossed and they seemed to be having a pleasant chat – perhaps about the weather. Peter followed the man as they walked towards them.

As they got closer, Peter could see that the coffee table in front of the three people was **heaped with** fruit and there was a small chocolate statue of a man with its nose missing.

Now Peter saw it was only two men: the first one seemed familiar but Peter couldn’t place a name on the face. The second man (who looked like two) was Sidney Longstreet, the fat man and senior partner of ECFM.

Peter sat on a chair opposite the two men, and the man who had been leading him stood to the side with his **hands clasped together** straight down in front of himself.

Sidney Longstreet had his mouth full, but **beamed** brightly when Peter joined them. The other man, the one with the familiar face, sat in his greasy way, looking like Joseph Goebbels.

Finally, Sidney Longstreet’s hamster-like cheeks **deflated** as he swallowed whatever he had in his mouth. He looked satisfied with himself, and looked to ‘Joseph Goebbels’ and then to Peter for appreciation of his pleasure.

“A question for you, Peter,” said Sidney Longstreet. “As you can see, we have fresh strawberries here, flown all the way from my private plantation in Nicaragua for the occasion – opps, sorry, I’ve eaten them all. Anyway, Peter, what do you say? Do you serve strawberries with yogurt or cream?”

Peter considered his answer. It occurred to him that he might be in a dream. It was a very **vivid** dream, if it was one. He didn’t think of **pinching** himself. But the whole thing was dream-like because the purple color of the grapes that were on the table was flickering – purple, pink, grey, blue, orange then purple again. No matter how hard he looked at the grapes, he couldn’t get them to hold their color.

“So, what do you say, son?” Sidney Longstreet said again.

Peter looked at him. He was fat alright, the fatness was something solid like an **anchor**. There it was: the little sympathetic face in the **flabby** wall of his head that was like a big stone. But the man’s features were **fuzzy**.

“Well,” Peter said. “In this country...” he stopped short. “We are in America, yes?” The other two men exchanged glances.

“Well,” Peter continued, “in America I’d say yogurt. But that’s only because the cream in America isn’t worth eating.” Sidney Longstreet nodded his head in approval.

“But,” Peter continued, “in other countries, Slavic ones, for example...” The other two men exchanged glances again. At that point, Peter turned to the man who was standing to the side and said: “Przepraszam pana.” And the other man said: “Tak, słucham?” Then he bit his lip.

“Poland!” Peter said.

“But how could you possibly have...” Sidney Longstreet said.

“I have a friend. A Polish guy, his name is Tony.”

Peter kept repeating in his head: his name is Tony. Name is Tony. Tony. Tony.

Suddenly, he found himself in another room. He was lying in bed, and Abby was leaning over him, shaking him awake.

“Tony,” she was saying. “Did you hear me, Peter? It’s Tony. They killed him.”

Suddenly, Peter sat **bolt upright** in the bed. “What did you say?” he asked.

“Tony. He’s dead. They’ve killed him.”

Peter shook the dream from his head and tried standing up, but immediately **collapsed** back on the bed, his hands holding his head.

“Take it easy,” Abby said. “Take a minute.”

Then, Abby sat beside him and held his hand. “We’ve got to get out of here. They’re coming with the ambulance. They’re going to take you out of the country, I heard them talking.”

“Where to?”

“I don’t know. There are **safe havens** all over the world. Nicaragua, Sudan, Poland, Cuba. Anywhere to **get you out of the picture**.”

Peter’s head was still groggy. “But if it’s true, like you said, that Tony’s dead, what’s stopping them from killing me?”

“You really don’t understand anything, do you?”

“No, I guess not.”

“They still need you to **hand over** control to my father. You can’t just disappear, don’t you get it? That would put the whole firm into a legal **limbo** that could last years. No, what they need is a co-operative Peter Goodman. One who’s had the benefit of **brainwashing**, narcotic therapy and surgical **tinkering with** your **frontal lobes**.”

“In Poland?”

“Can you think of any place better? Anyways, it doesn’t matter where, does it? What matters is that ambulance that is coming to get you.”

“Do you have a plan?”

Now, Abby smiled – she’d been waiting for that question, and the opportunity to be the hero. “Do I have a plan?” she asked. “And how!”

# CHAPTER 16

**ABBY TOOK PETER** by the hand and led him down the dark hallway. They looked downstairs over the balustrade of the staircase and saw a light that was being cast from the living room, and shadows that were moving about in it. **Inaudible** voices were mumbling in serious tones.

"Good," Abby said. "They think you're still asleep. Now is our chance." She pulled a piece of paper from her pocket and quickly glanced at it. "Just give me a second. I've **got to get my mother to sign** something. I'll be right back." And she quietly **scampered** to the other end of the hall.

Peter stood in the dark hallway alone. He wasn't sure if he could hear the voices of the men downstairs anymore, but he felt sure that at any moment someone would suddenly confront him. The house was old and **creaky**. Was that a creaking floorboard? Was he being watched? Abby was taking an awfully long time. What was that paper her mother had to sign anyway?

Finally, Abby returned and she took his hand into hers again. Her hand was **moist**. They went to a room which faced the back of the house, and Abby opened a window that faced the **expansive** garden. A large oak tree, which grew close to the house, had branches that practically reached to the window.

"When I was a kid," Abby whispered, "I used to get out of this madhouse through this escape route of mine."

The two of them **slithered down** the tree to the **lawn** at the bottom. They could see through a window into the living room, where Mr. Strong

and Doctor Benway were pacing the floor, and a third figure was standing next to the fireplace holding a bottle of beer.

“I think I know that man,” Peter said. His first impression was that he looked like Joseph Goebbels.

“Clinton Bilge,” said Abby quietly. Peter didn’t seem to **register**, so Abby added: “Homeland Security?”

“Ahh,” Peter finally said. “But what does it mean?”

“The politicians are in bed with big business. What else? And what else is new? And I wouldn’t be surprised, now that Bin Laden **is toast** and Snowden is **in exile**, that they’re **plotting** how to **set you up** as the new public enemy number one.”

They quickly scurried away across the dark lawn, crossing a small **creek**, climbing a **wire fence** and **dashing** across an open field. Finally, they reached an asphalt road.

“But Tony was supposed to be here?” Peter said, still slightly groggy from the whole experience he had just been through.

“I told you, he’s dead!”

“How?”

“What **freaking** difference does it make, Peter? He’s dead. Kaput!”

They stopped on the side of the road, catching their breath. “Poor Tony,” said Peter.

“Poor us,” Abby said, “if a car doesn’t come along soon.”

“They’ve killed Tony,” Peter repeated, almost hysterically. “And my aunt! Jesus, Abby, what’s wrong with you?”

She turned to face him and **glared**. She opened her mouth and was about to **snap off** his head, but the words suddenly got stuck in her throat. Then she said: “You’re right. There is something wrong with me.” Then she started to quietly sob.

Peter took her into his arms and held tightly onto her **petite frame** as it shuddered like an animal caught in a trap.

They stood like that for five minutes, when finally the lights of a car started to light up the forest around them. Abby and Peter **crouched down** into a **ditch** and waited for it to get closer. Then they saw it was a black Mercedes, and they decided to let it pass on by.

A few minutes later, the forest lit up again with the lights of another approaching vehicle. They crouched down again. When it got closer, they saw it was what looked like a **camper van** of some kind, so they jumped out of the ditch they were in and started waving their arms. The van came to a rolling stop beside them. A woman on the passenger side of the van rolled down her window.

“Where ya all **headed**?” she said in her friendly, southern accent.

“New York City,” Abby said. “Or anywhere close.”

“Well, we **ain’t** going to New York City,” the woman said, turning to her husband who was sitting behind the steering wheel beside, “are we, Dan?”

“No,” Dan said, “I don’t **reckon** we are.” He gave the matter a moment’s thought. “Jezzz, Susie-Q, I don’t think we been to New York City since, well, let me think, that Dead concert, wasn’t it. 1986? Now, that’s dragging up a memory, ain’t it, baby?”

Ignoring her husband’s remarks, the woman looked back at Abby and said: “**Hop in** and we’ll take ya down the road a **spell** anyhow. Ain’t no cars round these parts. You’ll be stuck out here all night.”

So Abby and Peter climbed into the van through the side door, and Susie-Q sat across from them on a small, **checkered** sofa, as Dan **put** the car **into gear** again and continued on down the road.

Susie-Q was beaming all friendly-like. Dan, behind the steering wheel, was looking over his shoulder from time to time beaming at them

like a happy **light bulb** too.

“Wha-cha-yall going to New York City for anyhow?” Susie-Q asked.

“We live there,” Abby said, trying to be as **evasive** as possible, while still being friendly.

“Now ain’t that something,” Susie-Q said. “Did ya hear that, Danny Boy? They all live in New York City.”

“Wonders never **cease**, baby-face,” Dan responded, looking over his shoulder with his mouthful of horse-like teeth. There was a St. Christopher medal hanging on a small chain from the **rear view mirror** and it swung with the **gyrations** of the vehicle. Dan was a Catholic, which is rare in the southern states of America – the thing is his grandparents had been French speaking Creoles, originally from Louisiana, and this French and Catholic **heritage** was something Dan was incredibly sensitive about. In fact, once at school, someone had called him a “frenchie frog”, and Dan had to spend six months in **reform school** after beating the boy to a pulp.

Finally, Peter, whose mind sometimes turned slowly, said: “What’s wrong with New York City?” Silence suddenly rushed into the **confined**, living-room-on-wheels space. Dan looked back again, but this time his face was truly surprised.

“Well,” Susie-Q said at last, “I just guess ya ain’t all been to Tennessee then?” She paused to see their response. Abby and Peter both shook their heads in **astonishment**.

“Well, honey,” Susie-Q continued, “you just ain’t lived ‘till ya bin in Tennessee.” Dan looked back again and nodded his head seriously. “Now, that’s a fact.”

Suddenly, the van started to slow down. Abby and Peter leaned forward, so they could see through the front windshield onto the road ahead. There were red and blue flashing lights.

“**Tabarnak**! Now what!” Dan exclaimed.

Susie-Q stood up and returned to the front seat where she had been sitting. The van came to a stop and this time it was Dan who rolled down his window.

“Hello, officer,” Dan said to the policeman on the other side of the door. “What can we all do fer ya?”

Abby and Peter quickly went to the floor of the van, trying to hide. Susie-Q noticed them through the corner of her eye, then burst into a great big smile for the cop.

“What seems to be the problem, officer?” she said, suddenly sounding like she was born and bred somewhere in the mid-west.

The policeman touched the **brim** of his cap **in way of** greeting and said: “Sorry to be bothering you, folks. We’ve got a couple of escaped **lunatics** from Saint Mary’s down the road, and thought they might be coming this way.” He paused to let them **digest** this information, then continued: “You haven’t by chance seen anyone on the road along the way?”

“Noooo,” said Dan. “I don’t believe we have, ain’t that right, Susie-Q?”

Susie-Q nodded vigorously.

“Well, you folks drive carefully then,” the policeman said, suddenly taking on Southern accent, as though a Southern accent was a virus that **spread** faster **than wildfire**: “and don’t ya all be stopping for strangers, ya hear?”

“Right ya’r, officer,” said Dan as he rolled up his window and started the van further down the road. When they were in the darkness of the surrounding forest again, Susie-Q climbed out of her captain’s chair up at the front and **rejoined** Abby and Peter at the sofa.

“A couple of escaped lunatics, are ya?” she asked with an intrigued smile on her face.

“Do we look like lunatics?” Abby asked.

“**Can’t tell**,” Susie-Q said. “Ain’t never seen a lunatic before, ain’t that right, Dan?”

“**Right as rain**,” Dan replied from behind the wheel, then he turned his head **halfway round** and flashed yet another smile.

“Now listen, folks, I don’t think you ain’t no lunatics. Hell, if the cops say you’re lunatics that pretty well guarantees you’re the **sanest** people in this country. But come on. I need more than that. What are you all hiding from? Besides the cops, that is?”

The van came to a stop again at the side of the road and Dan **spun** his captain chair right **round** so he was facing them. He had a horsey grin on his face and a short **barrel** 12-**guage** shotgun in his hands.

Susie-Q smiled broadly. “Now, don’t ya think ya’d all better **come clean**? Danny Boy here is the **trigger-happiest** son of a bitch ya’d never want to meet. Ain’t that right, Danny?”

“You’re right there, Susie-Q.”

## 1. Choose the correct answer a, b or c.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** When Peter woke up in the small room, he...

**a)** was gasping for a drink.

**b)** realized he had had a nightmare.

**c)** sensed something bad had happened.

**2.** Walking up the stairs...

a) made Peter realize how big the house was.

b) sapped Peter’s strength.

c) Peter felt confused and lost.

**3.** When Peter reached the roof, Mr. Longstreet...

a) was having a row.

b) was eating.

c) was on the phone.

**4.** The meeting on the roof...

a) exasperated Peter.

b) left Peter feeling really disappointed.

c) turned out to be a dream.

**5.** A ’petite frame’ describes somebody who...

a) is chubby.

b) has a small, oval face.

c) has a dainty figure.

**6.** Dan had once...

a) battered a pupil in revenge for being called names.

b) beat up a teacher who refused to help him.

c) had his camper van stolen.

## 2. Complete the sentences with the words from the box in the correct form. There are two extra words.

[ check the answer ]

**meadow** **hum** **tinker** **pinch** **deflate** **flabby** **collapse** **fuzzy**

1. We saw a couple of storks in the ..... and took a few photos. Springtime is on its way.
2. Jane ..... on the pavement and hit her head on the curb. She has five stitches on her scalp.
3. Sue really shouldn't wear sleeveless tops anymore; her arms are far too .....!
4. Mick! Come here and ..... the airbed. It's time we were going.
5. I definitely know the song she's .....! It's on the tip of my tongue.
6. While Sue was strolling along the seashore, a crayfish ..... her big toe.

## 3. Complete the sentences with synonyms of the words in brackets from the text.

[ check the answer ]

1. Why was Jack so (**cagey**) **e**_ _ _ _ _ _ about his family, do you think?
2. I (**think**) **r**_ _ _ _ _ I won't get this job. The other candidate was really outspoken.
3. Imagine my (**bewilderment**) **a**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ when I saw my grandma playing rugby!

4. It’s about time we (**told the truth**) **c_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _** about what happened that night.
5. Her skin was (**clammy**) **m_ _ _ _** and she had a very pale face so I thought she was going to faint.

# CHAPTER 17

**LOOKING DOWN** the two barrels of a 12-gauge shotgun has a certain **sobering** effect on most people, and Peter and Abby were no different. The friendly smile of the man pointing the gun at them made the whole effect even more sinister – in the same way a smiling clown holding an exploding flower can make your blood run cold.

Peter and Abby exchanged glances, shrugged and decided it was time to trust someone. Or, more to the point, they felt like poker players whose **stake** had **all but** run out, and the final hand they were holding, no matter how good or how bad, was going to be **the hand** they went all in with.

So, Abby told their story in the briefest way possible, **omitting** the details of the priests and the aunts and the unlucky joggers. When she finished, she sighed, slightly **bewildered** by the story herself. Susie-Q opened the fridge and handed her a cool can of Budweiser. When Dan frowned, she pulled open the fridge again, and **tossed** him a can too. Then, she opened the fridge a third time and taking out two more cans, handed one to Peter. Now they sat together and drank quietly.

After finishing his "brewski"[7], as he called it, Dan stood up and went back to his captain's seat behind the steering wheel. He kissed the St. Christopher medal that hung there, crossed himself and said a silent prayer for his dead French grandparents. Then, the camper van **roared** to life and he drove them another 20 miles down the road to a road stop. They were about an hour from Manhattan now, and the lights of the city made the dark night of the horizon **glow** in a yellowish and pulsating **blaze**.

The road stop was a gas station and a so-called “American Fast Food Family Restaurant” and there was a large parking area for drivers, mostly truck drivers, to stop and sleep for the night before entering the traffic of the big city.

Dan went to get some burgers and onion rings and six bottles of Doctor Pepper. When he came back, the four of them sat around the small kitchen table in the camper van.

“This damn restaurant used to serve Poutine[8],” Dan said **regretfully**. “I do really miss my Poutine.”

They started eating their fast food. “You’re not going to **turn us in**, are you?” Abby asked. She felt encouraged by the food, and she could see that Susie-Q and Dan were each contemplating their options.

“Turn you in to who?” Dan asked.

“Well,” Abby said, “the cops, I guess. They’ll pass us on to Homeland Security. **And that will be that**. You’ll never hear from us or of us again.”

Dan took his burger in both hands, looked at it sadly, and took a great big greedy bite. Susie-Q sipped on her Doctor Pepper from a **straw** and looked at Dan, then at Abby, then back at Dan.

“Hell, no! We ain’t going to turn you in. We’re going to help ya. My God,” Dan said, suddenly animated by the sugar, beer, salt and grease **rush**, “do you know,” he said, “do you know that Susie-Q and I here are card carrying members, that’s right, card carrying members of the American Self Defense League and Home Militia. Jesus Christ! Hand you in. Hell, no! We’re going to start a God-damned revolution.”

“Really,” said Abby, looking at Peter and nodding her approval. “Well, that’s encouraging news, anyhow.” It did occur to Abby that it was probably a pretty foolish idea to be a card carrying member of any **subversive** organization, but she let the idea go at that.

“Sure,” said Dan. “We got our own crypto currency. We got guns **stashed**. We got **staging areas** and all the passwords and procedures set up and ready to go. This country has gone to the dogs and you better well be God-damned sure we’re not going to take it anymore.”

“Heh,” Susie-Q said. “Maybe we can all work together this time. Don’t you remember how back in the War (the Civil War), those bastards had us fighting each other – divide and **conquer**, sure I’ve read my history. Well, maybe this time Tennessee and New York City can be fighting side by side against the real enemies.”

“You know,” Dan said, **stroking** his chin, “you got something there, Sweet Susie-Q.”

“Yes,” echoed Abby, almost **wistfully**. “You got something there, Sweet Susie-Q.”

Susie-Q glared at Abby, momentarily thinking she was talking to one of them lesbo **city-slickers**. Then she shook off the annoying feeling, because she was too caught up in actually seeing in her mind’s eye her fantasy revolution **in full swing**, with her and Danny Boy crossing the Delaware river on a motorboat, with her at the front with the 50-calibre machine gun **blazing away** and **mowing down** all the politicians and businessmen who **lined** the other bank, armed with nothing more than **truckloads** of paper money. Shooting politicians would be like shooting gophers back home – their heads would blow clean off and their headless bodies would scurry round in circles ‘till they bled to death.

However, it was dark and they were tired and the revolution would have to wait another day. They decided to sleep in the van until five in the morning. Then they would enter the city. Abby explained that she had a plan in action and that there were people in New York City who were waiting for them and who were going to help them.

So Dan and Susie-Q went to bed at the back of the van to “get some shut-eye”, as Dan explained. They made a lot of noise and **rustling** and

Dan **burped** dryly and then soon both were **snoring** in harmony – when Dan sucked in: chchchchchch, Susie-Q blew out: whooooooooooo. Abby and Peter slept on the small bed up front, which was made when you **folded down** the kitchen table. It was a cold night, and they **huddled** together in a single sleeping bag.

The bed was very narrow and the sleeping bag was a tight fit with both of them **jammed** into it. They lay face to face. Abby had removed her glasses and placed them on a chair. Both had stripped off their jeans, and their legs couldn't help but **wind together** with a dry, warm **friction**.

"Well," Abby said. "I guess you've finally got me where you want me."

"Yea," Peter said, "I guess I have." There was a lot of light coming through the camper van windows from the **garish** street lights that kept the parking lot lit up all through the night. They looked at each other, nose to nose, and couldn't help but smile at each other. "I've thought about it more than once, I'll admit," Peter said.

"Me too," Abby said, and Peter lightly pressed his lips against hers. Then, Abby physically pushed her mouth against his, **thrusting** her tongue into his mouth. She pressed her breasts even closer into his chest, so he could feel her **nipples** through the **tank top** T-shirt she was wearing.

When she finally broke off the kiss, he stroked her face with his right hand.

"What happened back at the house?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning colder.

"When I was drinking that **doped up** whiskey. I looked over at you. You were as distant as a sphinx. Did you know the whiskey was doped?"

Abby didn't answer, but took her eyes from his and looked over his shoulder at a spot on the wall. Finally, she said: "No, I didn't know about

the whiskey. I was hoping you were going to **stand up** to my father, especially after seeing what he's doing to my mother. Somebody has to stand up to him. Eventually."

"Me?!"

"Yes, I thought so. If not with character, then with the power of money. Maybe with my help. I don't know, Peter."

"I would have stood up to him, but I **didn't see his trick coming**, you know."

"He plays hard ball," Abby said. "I suppose I should have warned you better."

"I want to trust you," Peter continued. "I mean, I need to trust you."

She smiled. "So trust me," she said, and she stroked her left leg against his right leg inside the sleeping bag.

"Just like that?" he asked.

"Anyway you like," she said. "Don't you want me?"

"Don't I want you," Peter repeated.

"Because I want you," she said, almost **purring**.

Peter put his ear against her chest just the way he used to do with his aunt's cats. And yes indeed, just like the cats, deep inside of her there was a humming little engine that never stopped. That was **the last straw**!

Using the weight of his body, he rolled over onto her in a kind of wrestling maneuver. He **peeled** back her T-shirt and rolled down her panties.

Soon, they were thrashing about inside the sleeping bag. The **confines** of the sleeping bag added a kind of **restraint**, like a **straightjacket** on a lunatic, so that their movements became even more desperate and **frantic**.

Soon, they had rolled off the table top bed and having fallen onto the floor, continued to roll on the floor. Peter managed to get an arm loose, and slung it around her neck so he could stroke the back of her shaven neck.

He appeared to loom above her so dominating, so out of character, so exciting. She thought it still might be possible for this quiet, basically gentle man to take her father down in a blaze of glory. She closed her eyes to **savor** the thought.

Then the overhead lights suddenly came on, momentarily blinding them. They both looked over to the back of the van. Dan was standing **bare-chested** and wearing pyjama bottoms. Susie-Q was wearing a baggy, striped shirt and orange panties.

“Would you, folks, mind **keeping it down**,” Susie-Q finally said. “Some of us are trying to get some sleep around her.” At that, Dan and Susie-Q turned on their heels, switched off the light and went back to their bed.

Still wrapped together in the sleeping bag, Abby and Peter somehow rolled themselves back up onto the bed. Peter stroked her cheek again. Abby kissed him, this time lightly and provocatively. Then they fell asleep **clutched in** each other’s arms like a couple of twins inside their mother’s womb.

# CHAPTER 18

**THEY WOKE UP** at five o'clock and drove into the city that never sleeps. They went to Abby's apartment. She assured Peter that no one knew she had it, and besides, there was the mongrel dog there waiting for her.

The four of them entered the building.

"Good morning," said Albert, the doorman. "The little dog is doing just fine," he added.

"Thank you, Albert," Abby said. "Thank you. And have there been any visitors?"

He winked, shook his head and putting his index finger to his lips said: "No. No. No. **Mum's the word**, right?"

"That's right, Albert," Abby said. "Thanks again." And the four of them got in the elevator and went up.

Inside the apartment, the mongrel dog was lying on the chesterfield watching television, with a pillow under its head. It looked up, and would have **wagged its tail** except that the accident had paralyzed not only its legs but also its tail. Instead, the dog seemed to smile, and softly barked a greeting.

Dan and Susie-Q sat on the chesterfield next to the dog and started patting it. Abby took Peter by the hand and led him to the bedroom. She closed the door, turned to him, put her arms around his neck and kissed him. He tried to kiss her back but then, just as abruptly, she broke free and went to the other side of the room where a painting of an Italian landscape hung on the wall. She lifted the picture off the wall and started turning the combination lock on the safe that was there behind it.

She started pulling things from the safe and tossed them onto the unmade bed: a handgun, a wad of cash as thick as *War and Peace* and held together with a red **elastic band**, a little black address book, two mobile phones and a pair of glasses in a soft leather case.

She got a large handbag from under the desk and started stuffing all the articles into it. She handed Peter one of the phones and told him that he could use it to contact her in case they should get separated. “These phones,” she explained, “can only call each other, so make sure you don’t lose it. As for the one you have, I suggest you throw it away when we get back down to the street.”

Peter put the new phone into the breast pocket of the jacket he was still wearing, Abby picked up the heavy handbag and they left the room.

Next, Abby went to the kitchen and came out a moment later pulling a child’s wagon by its metal handle. She put a checkered blanket in it, then carefully picked up the dog and placed him in it. Then she looked around the living room, trying to remember if she had forgotten anything. When she felt sure that she had everything, the four of them left the apartment, with Abby pulling the dog in the wagon behind her.

They walked down the street like that, perhaps a funny sight, but the people they passed never even **batted an eyelid** – as though in New York pulling a **crippled** dog in a child’s wagon is the most natural thing in the world.

Soon, they were about a block away from Pennsylvania Station. There was a large crowd on the street in and around the Plaza. A lot of them were carrying signs that said things like: “Capitalism for the Poor Socialism for the Rich!”, “Benway’s Cure is a Health **Menace**!”, “This Hedge Fund needs Trimming!”, “ECFM has Killed my Children!”

They **waded into** the **motley** crowd and worked their ways towards the entrance of Madison Square Garden, which is situated **atop** Penn Station. In front of the main entrance to the building was a large **hording**

that said: Annual Shareholders Meeting of Empire Capital Fund Management. They went in through the main doors and into the foyer. The meeting had already started and the thousands of people inside were being entertained with a laser show and loud music was echoing around the walls of the main foyer. Then, the four of them were stopped by two security men.

“This is a closed event,” one of the guards said, almost shouting over the **pounding**, *Return of the Jedi* type of inspirational music, while the second guard was whispering into his right sleeve. Then, the first guard leaned forward and **bellowed**: “And no dogs allowed!”

Dan was pulling on Susie-Q’s arm, so she turned toward Abby and shouted: “What did he say?”

“I think he said no frogs allowed,” Abby answered. Susie-Q turned back to Dan and repeated what Abby had said: “No frogs allowed!” Then she stood back and waited for the fireworks to begin.

Dan punched the guard who was talking into his sleeve right in the throat. The second guard **braced** for a **martial arts** move, but found himself on the receiving end of a Tennessee move instead: Susie-Q kicked him solidly in the nuts. Three other guards ran forward to engage in the fight and a good, old, down-home **brawl** was soon in progress.

During the **commotion**, Abby and Peter walked into Madison Square Garden, pulling the **anxious** dog behind. The light show had ended, and the stage lit up and Abby and Peter saw Mr. Sidney Longstreet stand up and approach the podium. The **assembled** shareholders politely applauded, but with none of the enthusiasm which the music might have suggested.

Abby and Peter slowly made their way through one of the **aisles**, saying “excuse me” and “pardon me”, and the dog in the wagon, who was following behind, looked at the people they passed with a look of surprise, as if saying: I have no idea what I’m doing here either.

On the stage, there were six other men sitting in a row, including Mr. Theodore Strong. Mr. Longstreet cleared his throat and began his speech: “Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we are again.” He paused and tried to see the crowd, but the lights in his eyes were too bright. He took a small tin of sweets from his jacket pocket and quickly tossed a mint into the **gaping** black hole that was his mouth.

“I came here early today, early enough to see Old Glory herself raised on the flag **pole** here at Madison Square Garden. It gave me a **chill**, ladies and gentlemen.” He paused and **wiped** **spittle** from the corner of his mouth.

“What does America mean to you? Well, to me it’s the place where the **finks** and the collaborators have no place at the table. Where an honest man can raise an honest family. Where **backbiting** and jealousy are forbidden words. Where profit **befalls** a man not because of his position but because of his work. So, before I introduce our chairman to you, all I wanted to say was: Don’t let us down again, by God!”

Then, he turned round and returned to his seat. There was a polite round of applause, but most of the audience were thinking to themselves: so when did we ever let you down, you fat bastard. Now, Mr. Theodore Strong stood up and approached the podium.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began, and his projected, **ominous** voice **sent shivers down** Abby’s **back**.

“It is my privilege today to welcome all of you here for our annual shareholders’ meeting. As you probably know, Empire Capital Fund Management has been facing serious challenges in this uncertain market, but I am here today to assure you that within days we foresee a major development.”

Abby, Peter and the dog headed towards the back of the stage. The stage itself was situated in the middle of the large, 16,000-seat indoor arena, on a large construction that had been **erected** for the occasion,

right in the middle of what was usually either an ice-hockey **rink** or a basketball court. The folding chairs immediately in front of the stage were completely full and another few thousand people sat in the arena's regular seats.

"Our lawyers," Mr. Strong continued into the microphone, "have found a **loop hole** through which we may **crawl** from our current management crisis."

Behind the stage it was quite empty. The **scaffolding** and **braces** which made up the stage itself, hidden from the viewing public, were in plain and naked view to both Abby and Peter. It looked skeletal, menacing and ultimately, one big **fake**.

"It would appear," Mr. Strong continued, and now that he was out of sight his voice took on a **bodiless**, **ethereal** quality, "that with the recent and accidental death of our leading shareholder, and a woman who had been playing a leading, behind-the-scenes role in the **day-to-day** operations of this company, that being, of course, none other than Beatrice Goodman, we are, by law I **stress**, yes, it is all perfectly legal – that we, meaning the current management board of this company, and you the minority shareholders, of course..."

Abby and Peter walked up the flat, **plywood** ramp which led the eight feet or so up to the stage level, still pulling the dog in the wagon.

"That we," Mr. Strong continued, "having the **power of attorney** over the Goodman **estate** until such time, if any, that it may be transferred to other hands according to the **provisions** provided for within the **Last Will** of our dear, **departed** partner, Beatrice Goodman, we, the management board, having no **claims** otherwise **outstanding** to that estate, neither person or persons ready to step forward at this time, we may exercise managerial control over the **ongoing** functioning of the company and all decisions hitherto and forthright contained within the provisions **therein** **stipulated**."

There was a weak **patter** of applause from the audience. Abby and Peter reached the back of the stage, and **peeked** through the large curtain that hung there. Abby stared at her father's back – what a perfect chance, she thought, to drive a knife into it.

Abby pulled the paper Peter had seen earlier from her handbag, and she went onto the stage, pulling the dog in the wagon, and Peter followed behind her.

"Just one minute!" she yelled, and her father stopped talking and turned round. His mouth fell open in surprise. She came up next to her father and putting her hand round the flexible neck of the microphone stand, started talking into it.

"I have here a paper from my mother, Mrs. Violet Strong, giving her voice here, in abstentia, to a **surrogate** representative. With her shareholding and mine, and with Mr. Goodman's here," and she dramatically pointed at Peter, "we would like to announce today a shareholders' **takeover** of ECFM, effective immediately."

Suddenly, everyone in the audience leaned forward in their seats – now, this was something they were just waiting for. Mr. Strong tried to elbow his daughter away from the microphone, but a few voices from the audience said: Let her alone! and, We want to hear what she has to say!

"Well then," said Mr. Strong, "just tell me then, who is this mystery shareholder, this representative in absentia of Mrs. Strong?"

At that moment, Abby rolled the wagon forward, and the little mongrel dog looked out at the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Abby, with a great big smile on her face. "May I introduce Noodles."

## 1. Decide if the statement is true (T), false (F), or the text does not say anything about it (D).

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Abby gave a lengthy rundown of what had happened to her and Peter. **T / F / D**

**2.** Dan and Susie-Q had a fridge full of Budweiser drinks. **T / F / D**

**3.** At first, Dan wanted to inform the police about Peter and Abby. **T / F / D**

**4.** Dan and Susie-Q had a cache of guns, military equipment and drugs. **T / F / D**

**5.** When they arrived at Abby's apartment, her dog had recuperated. **T / F / D**

**6.** Abby's dog being pushed in a wagon attracted a lot of attention in the street. **T / F / D**

**7.** Little did Mr. Strong realize that Abby would make a sudden appearance at the meeting. **T / F / D**

## 2. Replace the underlined phrases with a suitable word from the box in the correct form.

[ check the answer ]

**ongoing** **purr** **commotion** **regretfully** **bewildered** **snore** **stash** **brawl**

1. I was totally confused by her sudden appearance. .....
2. Susan admitted that she had hidden some money under her bed. .....
3. 'You don't love me as much as you used to,' he said filled with sorrow. .....
4. I could hear Tom breathing noisily through his mouth upstairs. .....
5. The cat must be happy because it is making a continuous sound in the throat. .....
6. I went outside to see what the sudden noisy activity was about. .....
7. There was a noisy and violent fight outside our pub last night. .....
8. The negotiations are still continuing so I'll keep you posted about any changes. .....

## 3. Complete the sentences with the missing words.

[ check the answer ]

1. Did you see? The lead singer had both his **n**_ _ _ _ _ _ pierced. Gross!
2. Have you heard about this builder who fell off the **s**_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _?

3. ’**B**_ _ _ _ yourselves for impact!’ shouted the pilot just before the crash.
4. How can she wear such **g**_ _ _ _ _ clothes? She looks more colorful than a rainbow!
5. John Banes was killed in 1998. A similar fate **b**_ _ _ _ _ his brother, who was assassinated.
6. Would you care for some more **g**_ _ _ _? There’s hardly any on your potatoes.

## 4. Complete the sentences with words formed from the letters in brackets.

[ check the answer ]

1. We had to ..... (**rwlca**) under some barbed wire on the obstacle course.
2. My heart was ..... (**oupdnign**) really fast before I walked on stage.
3. Do you happen to know when the Normans ..... (**qcnurdeoe**) England?
4. ..... (**lcuhcted**) in his hand was a torn photo of his ex-girlfriend.
5. Are there any weight ..... (**ersrtatnis**) to take part in this competition?
6. The crowd dispersed slowly as the ..... (**miounos**) clouds approached.

# CHAPTER 19

**THE WHOLE AUDITORIUM** fell silent. Noodles, the mongrel and crippled dog, flapped its ears, enjoying its moment of glory. However, as often happens with moments of glory, it was not long lived.

Security guards were coming down the aisles towards the main stage. There seemed to be a minor struggle somewhere at the back and a voice which echoed through the large arena: Tabarnak! Apparently, the heavy guards had been called, because most of the guards were carrying M-16 automatic rifles. A few of the minor shareholders in the audience tried to stand up to them, but they were quickly and easily pushed aside.

Mr. Strong turned to his daughter, and as the **proverbial** one who laughs last, felt he had the right to laugh best.

“You bastard,” Abby muttered.

“Did you think you could really stop me with a stupid piece of paper that you claim your mother signed?” Mr. Strong said to his daughter.

Suddenly, a **rage** filled Peter. This was the kind of rage that had been **pent up** for a long time. A rage born of saying “yes, sir” and “right, sir” and “you know best, sir” for far too long. The fact is, he’d been saying those things long after he stopped believing in them; but like all stubborn fools who were born and raised to believe in justice and the American Way, he had **kept** his rage **in check**, thinking, hoping, believing that one day, who knows, maybe today, things will work out just like they always did in the movies.

Peter **lunged** at Mr. Strong and grabbed him by the throat. The two men fell to the floor of the stage, with Peter on top. For the first time she could recall, Abby saw her father’s **hair-piece** come loose, and it was

flapping around on the top of his head like a small, dead and furry animal.

Peter was kneeling on the man's chest: "You bastard! You bastard! You bastard!"

Mr. Strong was probably physically stronger than Peter, but when even a weak man is intent on killing someone, there's little that can stop him. Except, that is, a woman. Abby started pulling at Peter's shoulder.

"Peter," she was saying. "Peter! We've got to get out of here." Peter's grip relaxed slightly. "Peter," she said. "He isn't worth it. He isn't worth shit. We've got to get out of here."

Finally, Peter looked over at her. "What did you say?" he asked.

"We've got to get out of here. And we've got to **make it snappy**." Peter looked out into the stadium. The guards were quickly approaching. He stood up. Mr. Strong was practically unconscious and lay on his back struggling for breath. Peter put his foot on the man's chest.

"A little too late for that, isn't it?"

"No," she said. "Come on. Come on," and she started running back to the place behind the stage where they had been, still pulling the dog in the wagon.

When they reached the bottom of the platform, Abby fell to her knees. Peter wanted to keep running and had to stop in his tracks and retrace his steps. Abby had located a small metal **ring** in the concrete floor, and she asked him to help her pull on it. A **trap door** opened up before them and they climbed in – Peter took Noodles in his arms as there was no place for the wagon to fit.

The trap door led to a small **stairway** that went downwards. First, the steps led to a large room which was used as a staging area when the arena was used by performers, like magicians, who needed false floors and surprise entrances. From this room, Abby, who seemed to know her

way quite well around the place, found another doorway that led to yet more stairs that led down. A doorway led them to the main foyer of Pennsylvania Train Station.

The station was absolutely full of cops, and it seemed they would be caught at any moment, especially as Peter was carrying a mongrel dog in his arms – as the message the police sent out over the radio said: Be on the lookout for a man, 25 years old, fair hair, long, white Dutch face and features, mole on his right cheek, small scar over right eyebrow and carrying a crippled mongrel dog that answers to the name of Noodles.

Quickly they came to another door that had a sign: Personnel Only. No Admittance. Abby **punched in** a four-number code on the small box next to the door and it **clicked open**. Inside, Abby switched on a small overhead light and they stopped to catch their breaths.

“We should be safe here for a while,” Abby said, sitting down next to a bucket and mop. The dog lay on the floor in front of her, next to her small backpack.

“I think we’ll have to stay here forever,” Peter, who was still standing, replied.

Abby looked up at him. Her face was flushed red, and she was still breathing quite hard. Then she slowly shook her head and pointed with her finger. “Behind that shelf, there’s another doorway that leads down to the subway.”

Peter looked behind himself, and pulled the empty shelf away from the wall. Indeed, there was a small, **inconspicuous** door there in the wall. He looked over at her in amazement. “But how...?”

“It’s all part of the plan,” she said, then motioned for him to sit down beside her. He sank down until he was sitting on the concrete floor next to her. Peter started to pet the dog’s head.

Abby pulled her backpack towards herself, almost **wearily**, and opened the **zipper**. She pulled out a **cardboard** file and opened it. Inside, there were a lot of official papers with legal **stamps** and signatures. She found three different documents, placed them on her lap, and put the rest of them in the file, back on the floor.

“This one,” she said, “is my mother’s signed **affidavit**. “The stunt with the dog would never **stand up** in court, obviously. But it would prove my mother had completely lost it. I’ve got enough evidence here,” she said, pointing at her backpack, “to prove that my father and the so-called Doctor Benway have been keeping my mother in her current state for some time now.”

Then she **shuffled** the papers a little and said: “This second document is legal confirmation of my status as a minority shareholder in the firm.”

“And the third document?” Peter asked, almost wishing he hadn’t. “What is the third document?”

Abby shuffled the papers again. “This document is your confirmation of transfer, not of your fortune, but of your voting rights as a large minority shareholder in the firm. To me.”

“To you?”

Abby looked at him intently through her glasses. He felt like he was being observed under a microscope.

“Why to you?”

“You are a **fugitive** from justice. If you go through that little door in the wall without signing this document, the court will almost certainly seize your assets. The company will continue to run, and although theoretically you would have a cash **stake** in the firm, held by the court until any **resolution** of your case, your status would be as a phantom. In other words, as far as the firm would be concerned, you would be a **non-entity**.”

Peter paused to **take it all in**. Abby continued: “However.” Then she smiled. Peter’s face looked stricken, and his mouth fell open. “This paper would give me power of attorney over your holdings, and your voting rights in the firm’s management board would be transferred to me.” She looked away from him and down at the dog. “We could act together, Peter, only you would be in The Cayman Islands sipping on a tall, cool drink by the side of a swimming pool, and I would be here.”

Peter looked at her in amazement. “Did you plan all this from the beginning?”

“No, not the very beginning. I didn’t know who you were when we first met on the street, remember, in front of the 7-11?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“I just thought you were a nice, young man. There aren’t that many around, believe me, I know all about it. But when I got home, I told my father about you and he told me who you were. Don’t you think it’s funny, Peter, that people like my father knew who you were? And you didn’t even know it yourself?”

“Yea,” Peter said. “It’s hilarious, isn’t it?”

She felt sorry for him, and touched his arm. “Peter, this can work. The only question really is: Do you trust me?”

“I need a minute to think,” he said, standing up again. They could hear running footsteps on the other side of the door. Peter desperately tried to go through the **steps** of the story, looking for a **flaw** in her story, looking for a weak link – a **bald** lie that he felt sure was there somewhere, saying: Look at me! Look at me, you idiot! Well, maybe he was an idiot, because he just couldn’t find it. As she said, and it was probably true, the only real question was that of trust.

“But wait a second,” he finally said, “how did this whole thing with the cops come about? Couldn’t we have done this without making me

public enemy number one? I mean, maybe I don't want to go to the Cayman Islands, did you ever think of that?"

"I failed to appreciate my father's Machiavellian mind. But it's only a **hitch**, Peter. And believe me, there are worse places than The Cayman Islands."

"I don't know," he said, and he started to pace. "I need more time to think."

"Well, don't think too long. Do you see that **chart** on the wall over there?"

He went over and looked at the chart. It was a schedule for the cleaning staff. Peter quickly glanced at it, then at his watch. "Okay," he said. "So a cleaner will come through that door in three minutes and as well as finding a bucket and mop will find us." Abby nodded and held the paper and a pen up towards him. "Trust me, Peter," she said quietly. "Trust me."

He bent down, took the pen and paper and signed it. She reached into her backpack again and pulled out the large wad of money Peter had seen her take from her safe. She handed it to him. Then he went towards the little door in the wall.

"Keep that phone I gave you," she said. "I'll be in touch about our next move."

Peter patted his pocket, **double checking** that the phone was there. Then he went through the little door in the wall.

# CHAPTER 20

**THIS CHAPTER OF THE STORY** is based on newspaper stories that came out three days later. Reporters for New York's major daily newspapers are a **bunch** of **wise-cracking smart asses** who, admittedly, have a good nose for the news, especially when it involves sex, violence and money – and preferably all three at the same time.

On the day in question, two well-dressed young men were said to be seen entering the executive elevator and went to the top floor of the building **affectionately** known by New Yorkers as The Long Drop. The secretary on the executive floor questioned them as to their reason for being there, and let them pass to Mr. Theodore Strong's office without much trouble.

Here is the secretary's statement: "I could have sworn I'd seen them before. I'm sure they work, or worked, downstairs on the brokerage floor. Although I didn't know their names, I knew their reputation. I'd overheard in conversation that they were a couple of Whartonites. They had quite a reputation with the younger women in the office – and by that, I mean, they were bad news. They always worked in pairs, apparently. Well, when they came up to the executive floor, I didn't give much thought to their reason for being there. I was mostly thinking, if truth be known, how it is that young women always seem to **fall for** the same types. You know what I mean: dumb, easy going, confident, nice suit, smooth talk. I think they said something about having to deliver an urgent 'buy order' to the chief. Yes, it's true, I shouldn't have let them go through. Funny, huh? I guess I'm just a women too. Putty in the hands of **the likes of them**."

Apparently, the men made their way to Mr. Strong's office, meeting Miss Abigail Strong in the hallway on the way. Mr. Sidney Longstreet was eating lunch at his desk at the time. His office door was open and he claims that he saw Miss Strong and two well-dressed young men go past his door in the direction of Mr. Strong's office.

Here is Mr. Sidney Longstreet's statement: "Well, I had ordered a hot **corned beef on rye** from the Jewish Deli downstairs, and I was just picking up my phone to call them. Well, you see, they had forgotten to put mustard on my sandwich, and who's ever heard of a corned beef on rye without mustard, I ask you? I think they're having staffing problems. What I mean is, a Jewish guy would never forget the mustard, and I suspect, and this is only my personal opinion by the way, that they have a Chinese working in the kitchen. What? Yea, anyway, I saw Abby walk by my door just as I was picking up the phone. She was with two young guys. No, I'd never seen them before. No, I didn't give it a second thought. To **tell you the truth**, at that moment I was just too **incensed** about my sandwich to pay attention to people walking past my door."

While the men and Miss Abigail Strong were walking down the long hallway that led to the chairman's office, they passed Mr. Don Austin. At that moment, Mr. Austin was carrying a **framed** reproduction of DaVinci's painting called *The Last Supper* in his arms.

Here is Mr. Don Austin's statement: "Yea, well, I was changing my picture. I had had J.C. and the Boys hanging in my office for quite a few years, and I felt it was time for a change. Well, you see, that picture is basically a Renaissance era idea of what it looked like in ancient Jewish times when members of the board got together. Well, yea, obviously, J.C. was the CEO. Who else? Okay, maybe Bernie Gold could be interpreted as J.C., the resurrected hero who's now immortal. I can't say. Anyway, there was change in the wind. Everyone in the firm could feel it, and although I'm **appalled** at what happened, it's not really that much

of a surprise, to **be totally frank**. No, I didn't think much of it when I saw Abby and those two **characters** walk past. Abby doesn't actually work here, of course, but what's so strange about a loving daughter going to have a word with her dad? Yes, I can confirm that the two men were employees of ECFM. What? Oh, the picture. Well, yes, I've got a new one hanging on my wall now. It's painted on black velvet. You might know it, it's called *Dogs Playing Poker*. What? No, of course I don't think it reflects the current, **interim** management team here at ECFM!"

It would appear that when Mr. Theodore Strong fell from the 26th floor window of his office, Miss Abigail Strong and the two men she was with were in the office at the time. The men quickly left the office, took the elevator downstairs, and **have yet to be apprehended** by police for questioning. Miss Abigail Strong herself has made herself unavailable for questioning to reporters, but she did spend six hours at the 14th **Precinct**, and police are reported to have 'given her a good **grilling**.' She was eventually released by police without charge, and is believed to be **recovering** in an **undisclosed** location from what the police have now **termed**: the accidental death of Mr. Strong.

A Catholic priest happened to be walking past the building at the time of Mr. Strong's **fatal plunge**. Some shopkeepers have reported that this priest, one Father Kowalski, had been seen pacing in front of the building for some days now. They believed at that time that he was constantly looking up to heaven because of his religious inclinations, although some have now suggested he was waiting around for new customers to fall from the sky.

When Father Kowalski was questioned by reporters, it was noted that he was smelling quite distinctly of the famous and expensive perfume called: *Lavender Libations*, and when questioned how anyone on a priest's salary could afford a $500 bottle of perfume, started muttering

what is believed to be Polish **curses** **under his breath**, although some have suggested that the word ‘kurva’ is a Bulgarian **term of endearment**. At his side, he had a small mongrel dog on a leash. This dog wagged its tail **incessantly**, as though it had only recently discovered its use.

Here is Father Kowalski’s statement: “No, it’s not true that I’ve been hanging around the building. If the shopkeepers have seen me around recently, it’s only because I take my dog out walking twice a day. I’ve just gotten him recently, you see. What? He was given to me as a present. No better companion than a dog, is there? And this is no ordinary dog, let me tell you. Until only recently, he’s been confined to a wagon. The fact that he’**s up and about** and walking around at all is nothing less than a miracle. How? Well, I happened to **spill** a whole bottle of Benway Miracle Pills on the floor and the dog **lapped them up** before I had a chance to stop him. Yes, of course, as for the poor man who fell from the building. Well, my first reaction was: thank God he didn’t land on me or the dog. Then, I recalled how this was a kind of déjà vu. Yes, this has happened before, but it’s **all in the day’s work** of a priest, you know. No. No. No **last rites**. I asked him just before he died if he was Catholic and he looked at me with deep **contempt**. Can I tell you a small secret, it’s just between us, of course? Just as he was breathing his last breath, the dog here licked his face. Well, I thought that was pretty appropriate.”

Reporters have been unable to **put together** a satisfying picture of what happened in Mr. Strong’s office in the moments **prior to** his death. The coroner’s report comes out tomorrow, although it is generally believed, because of the police statement, that nothing unusual will be discovered. People are already calling the death of Mr. Theodore Strong just another in a long **string** of suicides, from a building known as a favorite for such occasions and dramatic **displays**.

In further developments, Mr. Peter Goodman, reported **heir apparent** to the Goodman fortune, has not been located by police. Reports from Homeland Security have been **playing down** reports that his brief appearance on their 'Most Wanted' list was politically motivated. However, he is still being sought for questioning and citizens with any information which may lead to his eventual arrest are being offered a $20,000 reward.

Clinton Bilge, a leading public figure within Homeland Security, and current favorite on the Republican **ticket** for next President said in a prepared speech this morning in New York: "The American people have a right to know the full facts **pertaining** to this very disturbing corporate **bloodletting**. Make no mistake, Wall Street will be **called to account**. The American people will no longer accept corporate corruption and political protection rackets. Let this be a **clarion call** to all the criminal syndicates, traitors, collaborators, liars and cowards."

Finally, a word or two about the current situation at Empire Capital Fund Management. There has been dramatic **trading** in ECFM stocks on Wall Street, and the stock is down 120 points today on rumors that an internal **takeover bid** was being organized by Miss Abigail Strong, surviving daughter of the recently **deceased** Mr. Theodore Strong. Rumors have been difficult to confirm, as Miss Strong has made herself unavailable to both the press and shareholders.

Many analysts have suggested that Miss Strong would offer the company a smooth transition, while others **point out** a growing **discontent** among small shareholders about the current developments at this troubled company. The highly **touted** cancer treatment known as Benway's Miracle Cure, in which ECFM has a majority stake, has fallen under even closer scrutiny recently when it was discovered that the drug may have been tested on unsuspecting street people, with results that may have been less than satisfactory.

## 1. Choose the correct answer a or b.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** Peter always tried to...

**a)** control his emotions and be compliant.

**b)** speak his mind even if it meant hurting someone.

**2.** Peter came close to...

**a)** throttling Mr. Strong.

**b)** shooting Mr. Strong.

**3.** Abby seemed...

**a)** to have lost her bearings under the stage.

;**b)** to have been under the stage before.

**4.** Abby...

**a)** threatened to kill Peter if he didn't sign the documents.

**b)** twisted Peter's arm to sign the documents.

**5.** Mr. Longstreet didn't like his sandwich because...

**a)** his favorite condiment was missing.

**b)** it arrived lukewarm.

**6.** Mr. Strong is believed...

**a)** to have been murdered.

**b)** to have committed suicide.

**7.** When the guards were approaching Peter, he...

**a)** grabbed the dog and ran away.

**b)** ran away, following Abby.

**8.** The fact that Peter was carrying a dog...

**a)** helped the police to apprehend him.

**b)** made him look conspicuous.

## 2. Complete the sentences with appropriate forms derived from the words in capitals.

[ check the answer ]

**1.** His was a really ..... speech, wasn't it? He didn't mince his words. **PUNCH**

**2.** Mary wanted to stay ..... in the background, but her beauty drew too much attention. **CONSPICUOUS**

**3.** Tony always wears a hairpiece to hide his ..... . **BALD**

**4.** I've tried really hard to win Jane's ..... but I'm probably out of her league. **AFFECT**

**5.** It's awful that these families should be living in such ..... conditions. **APPAL**

**6.** I've had enough of this ..... noise! Take this baby for a walk or something! **CEASE**

**7.** Jane really has a ..... complexion, she could do photo shoots for make up producers. **FLAW**

## 3. Choose the correct collocation for each sentence.

[ check the answer ]

1. How many photos did you **make / do / take** last summer, Jason?
2. The gale **did / made / took** some damage to our roof.
3. Let's **make / have / do** a party, shall we? I haven't danced in donkey's years!
4. I wanted to **pay / make / give** her a compliment but she got the wrong end of the stick and slapped me.
5. How can we **do / take / make** a living on such a low salary? We can hardly make ends meet.
6. You should **make / do / give** some effort and **do / make / give** your best in the exam tomorrow.
7. This evidence will never **show / stand / set** up in court.
8. She's a tough one; she didn't **wink / shut / bat** an eyelid when we asked about her accomplice.

## 4. Complete the sentences with the words from the box in the correct form.

[ check the answer ]

| fugitive | fall for | frank | interim | contempt | rumor |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

1. I can't believe you ..... his hastily-concocted excuse. That was a blatant lie!
2. The ..... are believed to be still at large and may be hiding in Bulgaria.
3. ..... has it that Jane has had a miscarriage. No one dares ask her, though.

**4.** To be ..... , I think they don’t stand a chance of winning this match.

**5.** My new job starts in three months so I’ll have to find a temporary job in the ..... .

**6.** I have nothing but ..... for these bullies! It’s about time they were punished.

# EPILOGUE

Well, needless to say, I had been following the story of my old student's adventures on Wall Street with more than a passing interest. As we all probably know, following mainstream media is a pretty frustrating experience when you are more interested in a few facts than a million opinions based on one or two.

The following year, my wife and I found ourselves in The Cayman Islands for our first wedding anniversary. We were sitting in a beach side restaurant eating a prawn salad, when who should I see sitting at a table nearby? Peter Goodman!

I could hardly believe my eyes, and when I pointed this out to my long-suffering wife, she could hardly believe her ears.

"You must be joking," she said, spitting **flecks** of avocado on me.

"No, there he is. Looking good too. A tan I would kill for."

"If you think for one moment..." she said, but I stood up before she could finish and made my way over to Peter Goodman. He was sipping a long and pink iced drink and looking out to the sea, as though expecting a ship or something. I sat opposite him and gave him a moment to recognize me. He looked at me a little **dumbly**, and I think he was pretending that he didn't recognize me.

Finally, my wife came over to the table, and standing in front of us, said quite **crossly**: "Peter Bookman, or whatever your name is. Next time you take a holiday, will you kindly inform us of where it might be? That way," she exclaimed, "we'll make sure to be on the other side of the world!" Then she huffed and **stormed out of** the restaurant.

"The little lady's a little upset," I said, trying to **laugh it off**.

Peter looked casually towards the door, as my wife's back **slipped out** the front door. His eyes **lingered on** the closed door, as if he was expecting someone else to come through it, into the restaurant.

I was **bursting** to ask him a million questions, but didn't really feel I had the right to ask one. He looked back at me and took a sip of his drink, looking at me all the while – I was starting to think he didn't recognize me after all.

He was wearing a flowery shirt and beige shorts and had **flip flops** on his feet – in other words, he looked like one of those rich **beach bums** who burn away their lives doing nothing under the hot sun of the world's most **glamorous** and exotic holiday resorts. There was a mobile phone on the table in front of him, and he glanced at it from time to time. Once or twice he picked it up to check for messages, as though he was urgently waiting for someone to contact him.

He ordered another drink and asked if I wanted one too. So we started drinking, and by the third one, he started to open up, and **bit by bit**, I got his story from him.

"I'm still waiting for her," he said after telling his **tale**. He picked up his phone again, but apparently there were no messages, because he threw it back to the table with hopeless despair.

"Gee, that's tough," I said, trying to sound as sympathetic as possible, although by the current impression he gave me, I thought: if only the rest of us could have his kind of problems. At one point I stood up and went to use the toilet. When I was coming back to the table, I stopped in my tracks.

There was a woman of about 35 in a short, red dress and sandals walking towards Peter's table. She stopped and stood about five feet from the table, waiting for Peter to notice her. When he looked round, he saw her at once. His face **instantly** took on a glow and his mouth fell open.

I looked at the woman as she stood there. I had never met Abby Strong, but after listening to Peter's story, I felt I knew her pretty well. And I had a pretty good picture of her in my mind's eye. She was not what I expected.

I remember once seeing the movie 'Bonnie and Clyde' with Faye Dunaway in the title role, and I thought at the time what a great thing it would have been to be Clyde, **ripping up** the countryside and robbing banks with such a glamorous woman. Then, one day, I happened to google Bonnie Parker, and saw the photos of the real person – what a **let-down**! In reality, this 1930s **hoodlum** was tiny to the point of petite, **scrawny** like an **underfed** chicken, ugly as sin and with all the markings of Texas **trailer trash** written all over her.

There was the same feeling of let-down when I saw Abby Strong for the first time. Or, to put it in more diplomatic terms, Abby Strong was no Faye Dunaway.

This woman wasn't wearing glasses, but lots of people who wear glasses sometimes put in contact lenses instead. But I was sure it was Abby Strong. I was sure, because Peter's reaction of surprise made me sure. He stood up from the table and **tentatively** approached her. First, they touched finger**tips**, as though they were still shy of each other. Then, they slowly **drew together**. Finally, she was in his arms.

Well, I decided that that was enough of my **meddling** and quietly left the restaurant, leaving some money with the waiter for my drinks.

After three hours of searching, I found my wife in a small outdoor shopping mall. She acted like she wasn't happy to see me, but after buying her a shell necklace and kissing her on the cheek, all seemed to be forgiven.

The End

# ODPOWIEDZI

## Chapter 1&2

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. F, 2. D, 3. D, 4. F, 5. F, 6. T,
7. F, 8. T, 9. F

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. d, 2. a, 3. b, 4. c, 5. f, 6. e, 7. g

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. train of thought, 2. do you good,
3. frame of mind, 4. make his fortune,
5. followed in/footsteps,
6. has got it in him,
7. That’s the ticket

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. attentively, 2. excessively,
3. eagerly, 4. sarcastic,
5. mentality, 6. impressive

**5.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. who should I see (sitting)/who should sit,
2. to keep/happy,
3. That (only) goes to show,
4. That's the ticket

**6.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. countless, 2. curb,
3. disturbing, 4. fully-fledged,
5. unpredictable, 6. haggard

## Chapter 3&4

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. a, 2. b, 3. c, 4. b,
5. c, 6. a, 7. b, 8. a

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. flickering, 2. reluctantly, 3. recover, 4. rundown, 5. squinting, 6. trinkets,
7. towering

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. squarely, 2. sleeveless,
3. indignant, 4. pawed,
5. demanding, 6. beneficial

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. poisonous/venomous,
2. exhausting, (tiring)/exhaustive,
3. scalded/burnt,
4. tiring, (exhausting)/tiresome

## Chapter 5&6

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. a, 2. a, 3. a, 4. b

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. a, 2. c, 3. b, 4. a, 5. b, 6. a

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. seems → seem, 2. what → which, 3. bitterly → bitter, 4. CORRECT,
5. with → against,
6. According to me → In my opinion/I think, etc.

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. booze, 2. rotten, 3. wobbly,
4. instill, 5. boasting, 6. notorious

## Chapter 7&8

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. T, 2. T, 3. F, 4. T, 5. T, 6. D

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. file/lose, 2. feel/suffer from,
3. drug/alcohol, 4. brakes/tires, 5. smell/taste/aroma,
6. empty/credible, 7. roof/stairs,
8. walk/pace, 9. trade, 10. granted

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. relieved, 2. approve, 3. sips,
4. participants, 5. indigestion,
6. stained, 7. Curiosity, 8. counter,
9. facilitated, 10. glared

## Chapter 9&10

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. f, 2. a, 3. e, 4. b, 5. c, 6. d

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. betrayal/tenacious,
2. stiffen/obedience,
3. hatred/obstinacy,
4. caution/threaten,
5. pursuit/curious

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. Tenacity, 2. whimpering,
3. inevitable, 4. stiffened, 5. edible,
6. cumbersome, 7. bestowed,
8. trotted

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. d, 2. h, 3. e, 4. a, 5. b, 6. i,
7. g, 8. j, extra definitions: c, f

## Chapter 11&12

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. F, 2. F, 3. F, 4. T, 5. T, 6. D, 7. T, 8. T

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. e, 2. g, 3. d, 4. f, 5. a, 6. h, 7. b, 8. c

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. misleading, 2. groggy, 3. reluctant, 4. throttle, 5. culprit(s)

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. copper, 2. laxative, 3. fence,
4. flowerpots, 5. remote control,
6. let alone

## Chapter 13&14

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. c, 2. b, 3. a, 4. b, 5. a

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. aroused, 2. eternal, 3. lively,
4. pram, 5. gushed, 6. grieve

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. butler, 2. duvet, 3. infamous,
4. allegations, 5. crumple,
6. coincidence, 7. scrutinized,
8. withered

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. from, 2. by, 3. on, 4. on/on,
5. at, 6. on, 7. to, 8. on

## Chapter 15&16

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. a, 2. c, 3. b, 4. c, 5. c, 6. a

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. meadow, 2. collapsed, 3. flabby,
4. deflate, 5. humming, 6. pinched

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. evasive, 2. reckon, 3. astonishment, 4. came clean, 5. moist

## Chapter 17&18

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. F, 2. D, 3. F, 4. F, 5. T, 6. F, 7. T

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. bewildered, 2. stashed,
3. regretfully, 4. snoring, 5. purring,
6. commotion, 7. brawl, 8. ongoing

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. nipples, 2. scaffolding, 3. Brace,
4. garish, 5. befell, 6. gravy

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. crawl, 2. pounding, 3. conquered, 4. clutched, 5. restraints, 6. ominous

## Chapter 19&20

**1.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. a, 2. a, 3. b, 4. b, 5. a, 6. b, 7. b, 8. b

**2.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. punchy, 2. inconspicuously, 3. baldness, 4. affections, 5. appalling, 6. incessant, 7. flawless

**3.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. take, 2. did, 3. have, 4. pay,
5. make, 6. make/do, 7. stand, 8. bat

**4.**

[ back to the exercise ]

1. fell for, 2. fugitives, 3. Rumor,
4. frank, 5. interim, 6. contempt

# Glossary

## PRELUDE

**reserve** – powściągliwość

**to make one's fortune** – zarobić fortunę, tu: spróbować szczęścia

**career path** – ścieżka kariery

**to cross paths** – spotkać się

**I happened to...** – Tak się złożyło, że...

**clam** – małż

**chowder** – zupa z ryb lub owoców morza

**harbor** – przystań

**who should I happen to see** – i kogo widzę

**haggard** – wynędzniały

**haunted** – udręczony

**to exchange plesantries** – wymieniać uprzejmości

**to trouble** – kłopotać

**to pay hell** – słono zapłacić

**extraordinary** – niesamowity

**disturbing** – wstrząsający

**wrapped** – zapakowany, owinięty

**deceit** – oszustwo, kłamstwo

**it goes to show** – to dowodzi

## CHAPTER 1

**pickup** – samochód osobowy terenowy

**to swing open** – otwierać gwałtownie

**to shush** – uciszać

**to pull away from** – ruszać, oddalać się

**curb** – krawężnik

**to head to** – zmierzać ku

**litter** – miot

**to settle into** – zadomowić się

**to cast back** – wracać do przeszłości, przenosić do przeszłości

**to keep sb. happy** – uszczęśliwiać / udobruchać kogoś

**overly** – nader, ponad

**to begrudge** – żałować (komuś czegoś)

**sb was last heard of...** – ostatnio słyszano o kimś...

**fully-fledged** – pełnoprawny, prawdziwy

**floozy-like** – zdzirowaty

**curler** – wałek do włosów

**7-11** – sklep wielobranżowy

**countless** – niezliczony

**to sneak off** – wymykać się

**parking lot** – parking

**intently** – uważnie, bacznie

**to curve** – wyginać (się), zaokrąglać (się)

**bob** – fryzura na pazia

**to make one's day** – uszczęśliwić kogoś

**to settle for** – zadowalać się

**apparently** – ewidentnie

**willingly** – ochoczo

**shamelessly** – bezwstydnie

**lucky guess** – trafienie, odgadnięcie

**to sniff** – wąchać

**broker** – makler

**custody** – opieka prawna

**plain** – zwyczajnie, po prostu

**edges** – obrzeża

**mocking** – szyderczy, kpiący

**to follow in one's footsteps** – iść w czyjeś ślady

**any good (at)** – dobry (w)

**to nod** – skinąć głową

**to frown** – marszczyć brwi

**sideways** – bokiem

**humble** – pokorny

**slave trader** – handlarz niewolnikami

**collar** – obroża

**wad** – plik

**bill** – banknot

**forefinger** – palec wskazujący

**that’s the ticket!** – o to chodzi!

**mansion** – rezydencja

**to supply** – dostarczać

**charm** – urok, wdzięk

**leap** – tu: skurcz, węzeł (w żołądku)

**to make it** – odnieść sukces

**ridiculous** – śmieszny

**tracksuit** – dres

**settled** – ustalone

**to bend down** – schylać się

**to stroke** – głaskać

## CHAPTER 2

**more than a little** – dość, mocno

**dearly** – z całego serca

**have it in sb.** – mieć to coś

**to suspend** – zawiesić, wstrzymać

**to mistake sb. for** – wziąć kogoś za

**train of thought** – tok myślenia

**to derail** – wykoleić się

**to shrug off** – lekceważyć, zbywać

**noon** – południe

**frame of mind** – samopoczucie, humor

**to play down** – umniejszać, bagatelizować

**to squeeze** – ściskać

**to tease** – drażnić, droczyć się

**to do sb. good** – coś zrobi komuś dobrze

**inward** – do wewnątrz

**to conjure** – przywoływać

**to look into** – zajmować się czymś, badać coś

**to be all over sb** – przymilać się, łasić się do kogoś

**palm** – wewnętrzna część dłoni

**blazer** – marynarka

**emblem** – symbol, godło

**closet** – szafa

**to intend** – zamierzać

**privilege** – zaszczyt, honor

**sharp** – dokładnie, co do minuty

**imposing** – okazały

**cast-iron** – żeliwny

**to buzz open** – otworzyć się z dźwiękiem alarmu

**cobbled** – wybrukowany

**to loom up** – zbliżać się, powiększać się

**run the length** – ciągnąć się wzdłuż

**to mill about** – kręcić się

**brass** – mosiężny

**cavernouns** – ogromny, przepastny

**ajar** – uchylony

**well clear** – z dala

**to poach** – kłusować

**to poach on sb's territory** – wchodzić komuś w paradę

**to chat up** – podrywać

**clasped** – ściśnięty

**to grab** – chwytać

**to trail** – podążać za

**low-cut** – wycięty (dekolt)

**stove-pipe hat** – tu: czapka kucharska; cylinder

**carving knife** – nóż do mięsa

**socket** – oczodół

**clenched** – zaciśnięty, zatknięty (w)

**to barge ahead** – przepychać się, tu: iść na całość

**genuinely** – autentycznie

**flesh** – ciało

**candor** – szczerość

**to draw** – przyciągać

**inside trader** – osoba obracająca nielegalnymi papierami wartościowymi

## CHAPTER 3

**in full swing** – pełną parą, na całego

**to roar** – (fire) buzować

**ribcage** – żebra

**heady** – mocny,

**to make one’s appearance** – pojawić się

**to yell** – wrzeszczeć

**to wack** – walić

**exasperation** – złość, irytacja

**to ride shotgun** – towarzyszyć komuś, załapać się na coś

**to interject** – wtrącać (się)

**to break new ground** – otwierać nowe możliwości

**proactivism** – proaktywizm

**to recover** – wyzdrowieć (tu: wyjść z )

**hastily** – w pośpiechu

**ro reflate** – przywracać poprzedni stan gospodarki

**donor** – dawca

**to make one’s way** – iść, udać się do

**to bow** – kłaniać się

**to give sb a once-over** – mierzyć kogoś wzrokiem

**to nibble** – skubać, przegryzać

**relatives** – krewni

**to chuckle** – chichotać

**to approve of** – aprobować

**to puff away** – zaciągać się, kurzyć fajkę

**indignation** – złość

**to put out** – gasić

**dreadful** – okropnie

**legal guardian** – opiekun prawny

**major** – główny

**shareholder** – udziałowiec

**sleeve** – rękaw

**gruffly** – opryskliwie, szorstko

**prawn cocktail** – koktajl z krewetek

**you don’t say** – no nie gadaj (ironicznie)

**to drift away** – oddalać się

**to eye sb up and down** – mierzyć kogoś wzrokiem

**to figure out** – zorientować się, wymyślić

**to hold multiple positions** – być na wielu stanowiskach

**business card** – wizytówka

**rundown** – opis, relacja

**to reassure** – zapewniać, pocieszać

**lack of** – brak

**to ponder** – zastanawiać się

**concern** – zmartwienie

**drive** – pęd

**useless** – beznadziejny

**to prick up (one's ears)** – nadstawiać uszu

**ballsy** – z jajami

**brassy broad** – twarda babka

**to stir up the shit** – namieszać

**back in the day** – dawnymi czasy

**dot com crash** – bańka internetowa

**accolade** – pochwała, nagroda

**to fail** – zawodzić, nie udać się, nie powieść

**dashboard** – deska rozdzielcza

**gulp** – łyk

**rim** – brzeg, krawędź

**what to make of it** – co o tym myśleć

**to retire** – przejść na emeryturę

**golden parachute** – wysoka odprawa

**to connect the dots** – wyciągać wnioski, łączyć fakty

**stupor** – upojenie alkoholowe

**regret** – żal

**remedy** – lekarstwo

**surrogate** – surogat

**to giggle away** – chichotać

**to elbow** – szturchać łokciem

**to titter** – chichotać

**reservations** – opór, obawy

**provided** – pod warunkiem

**lesser** – mniej znany, gorszy

**sophomoric** – niedojrzały, dziecinny

**obtuse** – tępy, głupi

**obnoxious** – opryskliwy, nieznośny

**say** – powiedzmy

**exact** – dokładny

**to leave sb. to sth.** – zostawić kogoś, żeby coś dokończył

**to float back** – wracać

**sticky** – lepki

**fluff** – puszek

**to rub up** – łasić się, ocierać się

**to scoop away** – porywać

**a dime a dozen** – bez liku, na pęczki

**damn right** – (cholerna) racja

**demanding** – wymagający

**chatter** – rozmowy, gadanie

**to die off** – ucichać

**host** – gospodarz

**squarely** – wprost, bezpośrednio

**piercing** – przenikliwy

**stare** – wzrok

**trait** – cecha

**brief** – krótki

**to rush in** – napływać, wracać

## CHAPTER 4

**following** – następny

**to board** – wsiadać

**staircase** – klatka schodowa

**bowels of sth** – wnętrze, trzewia

**cheek to jowl** – blisko siebie, obok siebie

**benefits** – plusy, korzyści

**downtown** – centrum miasta

**scraps** – resztki, skrawki

**car** – wagon

**grunt work** – brudna robota

**quarter** – moneta o nominale 25 centów

**two quarters to rub together** – choć trochę grosza

**topside** – na powierzchni

**to brag** – przechwalać się

**to hail** – zatrzymywać

**dread** – strach, lęk

**pit** – dziura, nora

**strap** – pasek

**to sway** – chwiać (się)

**to jolt** – szarpać

**to flicker** – mrugać,

**to force** – zmuszać

**pin turn** – ostry zakręt

**to clamber** – wdrapywać się

**rattle** – szczękać, grzechotać

**for dear life** – ze wszystkich sił

**innumerable** – niezliczony

**to run the gauntlet** – być narażonym na

**to paw** – macać

**to grope** – macać

**to goose** – uszczypnąć w pośladek

**crooked** – nieuczciwy, szemrany

**pock-marked** – dziobaty

**grossly** – straszliwie, okropnie

**trinket** – bibelot, ozdóbka

**wrapped** – owinięty, zapakowany

**tube socks** – getry

**patently** – wyraźnie

**to pace** – kroczyć

**array** – zbiór

**first-timer** – debiutant

**transit authority** – władze odpowiedzialne za komunikację

**in shifts** – na zmiany

**drainage** – system kanalizacyjny

**inexorable** – nieunikniony

**to interlace** – przeplatać

**winding** – kręty

**busker** – grajek uliczny

**at the foot of** – u dołu / stóp

**to squint** – mrużyć oczy

**mole** – kret

**towering** – wysoki, strzelisty

**carbon copy** – wierne odbicie, kopia

## CHAPTER 5

**story** – piętro

**permanence** – trwałość, niezmienność

**notorious** – cieszący się złą sławą

**affectionately** – czule

**to look back** – wspominać coś

**to get a glimpse of** – ujrzeć, zobaczyć

**sinister force** – siła nieczysta

**at play** – wchodzić w grę, odegrać rolę

**vendetta** – wendeta, zemsta

**deceit** – oszustwo, kłamstwo

**to numb** – drętwieć

**bare** – nagi, tu: pusty

**workings** – działanie

**bay** – zatoka

**occurrence** – zjawisko, zdarzenie

**straightforward** – prosty, łatwy

**to take (all the) time** – nie spieszyć się

**to swing around** – obracać się

**newbie** – nowicjusz, ktoś nowy

**stiffly** – sztywno

**to start** – pójść

**in a fraction of a second** – w ułamku sekundy

**to get sth right** – zrobić coś jak należy

**reasonable** – sensowny; rozważny

**to rot** – gnić

**mere** – zwykły, zwyczajny

**to float** – unosić się na powierzchni

**there's more to it** – chodzi o coś więcej

**railing** – barierka, płotek

**misty** – mglisty

**to slip** – poślizgnąć się

**to slide into** – wślizgnąć się, wpaść

**to go over the side** – przelecieć przez krawędź/na drugą stonę

**to figure** – wpaść na, dojść do wniosku

**to gather** – zbierać

**to pull together** – składać, wyrównywać

**to tap** – pukać, klepać

**endwise** – w dół, na dolnym boku

**aside** – z boku

**duration** – czas trwania

**flexibility** – elastyczność

**dummy** – pot. głupek

**variety** – różnorodność

**mundane** – nudny, zwyczajny

**in tandem with** – razem z

**to assign** – przydzielać

**to file** – sortować pocztę, dokumenty

**to have a clue** – mieć pojęcie

**to get a feel for** – wczuć się, nabrać wprawy, zrozumieć

**dashboard** – deska rozdzielcza

**pooled** – złożony z wielu elementów

**limited liability** – ograniczona odpowiedzialność

**accredited** – akredytowany

**to bypass** – omijać

**oversight** – nadzór

**endeavor** – przedsięwzięcie

**to instill** – wzbudzać, wpajać

**factor** – czynnik

**to pursue** – podążać za, dążyć do

**underlying** – podstawowy, fundamentalny

**associated with** – kojarzony z

**acquisition** – nabycie, przejęcie

**arbitrage** – arbitraż

**stocks** – akcje

**to merge** – połączyć (się)

**discrepancy** – różnica, rozbieżność

**any given** – jakiś, jakikolwiek

**to price** – wycenić

**abruptly** – nagle, gwałtownie

**I'm due** – mam być

**to have a blast** – świetnie się bawić

## CHAPTER 6

**bond** – obligacja

**to score** – zdobyć

**residential** – mieszkalny

**classified ad** – ogłoszenie drobne

**to have sth in common** – mieć coś wspólnego

**party animal** – imprezowicz

**to spin stories** – wymyślać, ściemniać

**would-be** – przyszły, potencjalny

**player** – gracz

**sense** – rozsądek

**to hold sth against sb.** – mieć komuś coś za złe

**sort** – typ (np. człowieka)

**to stir** – poruszać, wzbudzać

**inclined to** – skłonny

**to boast** – chwalić się

**something to the effect of** – coś w stylu, mniej więcej coś takiego

**hatchet** – siekiera, topór

**to drop** – opaść

**register** – ton

**notch** – oczko, trochę

**carnation** – goździk

**prominent** – wyrazisty

**booze** – alkohol (pot.)

**make oneself at home** – rozgościć się

**lap** – kolana

**scholarship** – stypendium

**couch** – kanapa

**riff-raff** – hołota, motłoch

**to let on** – pokazywać, zdradzać

**wobbly** – chwiejny

**frivolous** – frywolny

**indignant** – oburzony

**laid back** – wyluzowany

**pimples** – pryszcze

**to mutter** – mamrotać

**goose that lays golden eggs** – kura znosząca złote jaja

**creep** – dziwak

**to hike up** – podnosić się, podjeżdżać

**to chime in** – wtrącić się

**keen** – ciekawy

**grisly** – makabryczny

**so to speak** – że tak powiem

**to plough through** – brnąć przez

**executive** – kierowniczy

**barrage** – zalew, potok czegoś

**lackey** – sługus

**pimp** – alfons

**to scrub off** – szorować, zmazywać

**expressionless** – bez wyrazu, bez emocji

**to tend to do sth** – mieć coś w zwyczaju

**in slow motion** – w zwolnionym tempie

**lined up** – ułożony

**to flap** – trzepotać

**to flutter** – trzepotać, powiewać

**consensus** – zgodna opinia

## CHAPTER 7

**brisk** – rześki

**curiosity store** – sklep z osobliwościami

**cozy** – przytulny

**wee** – mały

**wee hours** – wczesne godziny poranne

**sari** – indyjska szata

**dirty** – nieprzyzwoity, sprośny

**dirty book** – powieść erotyczna

**pungent** – ostry, wyraźny

**dead men tell no tales** – umarli milczą

**who's to say** – kto może stwierdzić...?

**to take sth in** – ogarniać, próbować pojąć

**to jut** – wystawiać, wystawać

**steaming** – parujący

**indigestion** – niestrawność

**to pass** – rezygnować, pasować

**counter** – lada

**stashed** – ukryty, schowany

**at a time** – za jednym razem

**hopped up** – naćpany, na haju

**stick-up** – napad, rabunek

**to score** – zdobywać (działkę)

**pickle** – ogórek kiszony

**parish** – parafia

**to take one's confession** – spowiadać

**to croak** – wykitować (pot.)

**earnest** – poważny, szczery

**to come up** – wychodzić, pojawiać się

**after all** – w końcu, wszak

**get on with it** – pospiesz się

**screeching** – pisk

**to yelp** – skomleć

**sidewalk** – chodnik

**freaking** – pieprzony

**dent** – wgniecenie

**to pet** – głaskać, pieścić

**to heave** – falować, unosić się

**to go off shift** – kończyć zmianę

**to flag down** – zatrzymać

**say what?!** – że co?!

**bashed up** – poturbowany

**to curse** – kląć, przeklinać

**gurney** – łóżko szpitalne na kółkach

**orderly** – sanitariusz

**hive of activity** – miejsce tętniące życiem

**to give sth a thought** – pomyśleć, zastanowić się nad czymś

**assault** – napaść

**yahoo** – prostak

**to mull over** – rozmyślać

**ditty** – piosenka, rymowanka

**not to amount to a hill of beans** – nie być wartym złamanego grosza

**pensive** – zamyślony

**to peel off** – ściągać

**stained** – poplamiony

**to toss** – rzucać

**touch and go** – niepewny (o sytuacji)

**to make it** – przeżyć, ocaleć

## CHAPTER 8

**for that matter** – jeśli o to chodzi, tak samo

**to leave behind** – pozostawić

**swanky** – luksusowy, szpanerski

**black jack** – pałka

**to pull** – zatrzymywać się (autem)

**mercy** – łaska, litość

**stray** – bezpański

**to have one's heart in the right place** – być dobrym człowiekiem

**to flicker** – migotać

**walk-in closet** – garderoba

**to whimper** – skomleć

**to put the kettle on** – wstawiać wodę

**chesterfield** – skórzana, pikowana sofa

**to come to sth** – dojść do czegoś

**sip** – łyk

**to glare** – wpatrywać się gniewnie

**fake** – oszust

**to take sth for granted** – brać coś za pewnik, uważać za oczywiste

**dog tired** – złachany, wykończony

**to facilitate** – ułatwiać, udostępniać

**accurate** – dokładny

**to get stuck** – utknąć

**to co-opt** – pozyskać,

**in question** – dany, o którym mowa

**insider** – osoba wtajemniczona

**(money) laundering** – pranie brudnych pieniędzy

**hooker** – prostytutka

**to peddle** – rozpowszechniać, rozprowadzać

**casual** – zwyczajny, codzienny

**odd** – dziwny

**trustworthy** – godny zaufania

**gluttonous** – żarłoczny, łakomy

**tricks of the trade** – tajniki zawodu

**to keep an eye on sb** – mieć na kogoś oko

**threat** – groźba

**to drag out** – wywlekać, wyciągać

**to have one's fingers in a pie** – maczać w czymś palce, być w coś zamieszanym

**quantitative easing** – złagodzenie polityki pieniężnej

**come to think of it** – jeśli się zastanowić

**futures** – transakcje terminowe

**asset** – kapitał

**to cash in on** – zarobić na czymś

**well-timed** – w odpowiednim czasie

**to predict** – przewidywać

**approval** – akceptacja

**to filter down** – przenikać, dostawać się

**lawsuit** – proces sądowy

**participant** – uczestnik

**to smell a rat** – podejrzewać, że coś jest nie tak, zwietrzyć coś

**to screw** – oszukiwać, kantować

**to come into equation** – wchodzić w rachubę

## CHAPTER 9

**mongrel** – kundel

**knick-knack** – ozdóbka, drobiazg, bibelot

**to rustle up** – przyrządzić na szybko, upitrasić

**noodles** – makaron

**edible** – jadalny

**to sidle up** – przysuwać się

**flushed** – z wypiekami

**to get sb. into** – wpakować kogoś w coś

**underdog** – przegrany

**chives** – szczypiorek

**to pull together** – stworzyć, wyczarować

**to brew** – zaparzyć

**recourse** – ucieczka

**chart** – wykres

**placement test** – test poziomujący

**slow-tracked** – opóźniony

**every Tom, Dick and Harry** – każdy

**receiver** – słuchawka

**to glance** – zerkać

**near-term** – krótkoterminowy

**cautious** – ostrożny

**rally** – pójście akcji w górę

**dead-cat bounce** – niewielki wzrost kursów rynkowych

**unwarranted** – nieuzasadniony

**to put some slide in one’s glide** – wyluzować się

**to slam down** – rzucać, walnąć

**yore** – dawne czasy

**sheet** – kartka papieru

**downtick** – obniżenie wartości waluty

**to appeal** – uciekać się do

**to snag** – rozrywać, rozdzierać

**fixed interest securities** – papiery wartościowe o stałym oprocentowaniu

**tenacity** – upór, zawziętość

**tactile** – dotykowy

**weird** – dziwny

**cocky** – pewny siebie

**it isn’t becoming** – to nie przystoi

**prick** – idiota

**stake** – udział

**to outperform** – przewyższać, prześcignąć

**lawsuit** – proces sądowy

**ongoing** – trwający, toczący się

**party** – strona (w procesie)

**cumbersome** – trudny, zawikłany

**to have sb by the short and curlies** – mieć kogoś w garści, mieć przewagę

**Last Supper** – Ostatnia Wieczerza

**to sigh** – wzdychać

**to draw** – czerpać, brać

**betrayal** – zdrada

**to fell** – ścinać

## CHAPTER 10

**to hit the hay** – pójść spać, uderzyć w kimono

**side effects** – efekty uboczne

**ascension** – wniebowstąpienie

**spire** – iglica wieży, czubek

**to dwarf** – przyćmiewać, pomniejszać

**to come across** – wpadać na, znaleźć

**remark** – spostrzeżenie, obserwacja

**quaint** – urokilwy

**to get sth off one's chest** – wyznać coś, zrzucić coś z siebie

**to go about** – kontynuować

**as clean as a whistle** – czysty jak łza

**fund-raiser** – osoba zajmująca się zbiórką pieniędzy

**all around** – całkowicie, kompletnie

**to lecture** – pouczać, moralizować

**pompous** – pompatyczny

**to bestow** – wpajać, nadawać

**prudent** – rozważny

**to spill the beans** – puścić farbę, zdradzić sekret

**to cough up** – zapłacić, zabulić

**confessional box** – konfesjonał

**upright** – prawy, uczciwy

**absolution** – rozgrzeszenie

**suited for** – odpowiedni

**torrid** – gorący, namiętny

**to vacuum** – odkurzać

**moth** – ćma

**ermine** – gronostaj

**robe** – szata

**to grind to a halt** – zatrzymać się, ugrzęznąć

**surge** – przypływ

**to transpire** – okazać się

**literally** – dosłownie

**blanket absolution** – rozgrzeszenie powszechne

**to sort out** – rozwiązywać (problem)

**attuned to** – dostrojony, dopasowany, przyzwyczajony

**sensual** – zmysłowy

**urge** – popęd, chęć

**scented** – zapachowy

**to luxuriate** – rozkoszować się

**to sniff** – wąchać, węszyć

**to rub** – trzeć, wcierać

**puffy** – pulchny

**regular** – stały bywalec

**pervasive** – przenikliwy

**rosemary** – rozmaryn

**textbook** – podręcznik(owy)

**to prattle off** – paplać, plotkować

**grating** – krata

**unintentional** – nieumyślny

**to report** – zgłaszać

**to sob** – szlochać, płakać

**to take sth with a grain of salt** – brać coś z przymrużeniem oka

**inevitable** – nieunikniony

**unjust** – niesprawiedliwy

**to sniffle** – pociągać nosem, płacząc

**to stiffen** – sztywnieć

**to snort** – chrząkać, parskać

**to rustle** – robić szum, tu: szamotać się

**fateful** – nieszczęsny

**leap** – skok

**impact** – zderzenie

**to trot** – truchtać, dreptać, kłusować

**to one side** – na boku

**to whimper** – jęczeć

**to cross oneself** – przeżegnać się

**to croak** – mówić ochrypłym głosem

**pulp** – miazga

## CHAPTER 11

**to have sth to do with** – mieć coś z czymś wspólnego, z czymś do czynienia

**fixed** – wpatrzony

**cityscape** – panorama miasta

**odd** – dziwny

**to race through** – przebiegać przez, tu: przypominać sobie szybko

**snippet** – skrawek

**to rush back** – wracać

**free radicals** – wolne rodniki

**coherent** – spójny

**duly** – należycie

**to play ball** – współpracować, grać według zasad

**backstage** – za kulisami

**to settle into** – wprowadzić w

**let alone** – a co dopiero

**plot** – spisek, zmowa

**it only goes to show** – to dowodzi

**miserable** – nędzny, nieszczęśliwy

**to throttle** – dusić

**floozy** – zdzira, lafirynda

**to get the shakes** – trząść się

**to blast** – uderzać

**to retreat** – wycofywać się

**to snooze** – zdrzemnąć się

**to wake up with a start** – zbudzić się nagle, oprzytomnieć

**let’s get going** – idziemy, ruszamy

**there and then** – natychmiast, od razu

**rotary dial** – tarcza obrotowa

**scratch that** – wróć!

**laryngitis** – zapalenie krtani

**to chuckle** – chichotać

**tingly** – czujący mrowienie

**rough** – trudny, ciężki

**to sum up** – podsumować

**to picture** – wyobrażać sobie

**to drop one’s marbles** – wariować

**to drive sb. to** – doprowadzać kogoś do

**stab** – ukłucie

**to go down** – iść do więzienia

**to play out** – potoczyć się, rozegrać

**count me in** – wchodzę w to, licz na mnie

## CHAPTER 12

**from then on** – odtąd

**to track** – śledzić

**reclining** – opuszczane

**to drift off (to sleep)** – przysnąć

**to startle** – przestraszyć

**classified** – tajny

**culprit** – sprawca, winny

**to expose** – obnażać coś, wyjawiać tajemnicę

**marked** – wyraźny

**increase** – wzrost

**regulating** – regulujący

**to aim** – dążyć do, próbować

**whistle blowing** – donosicielstwo

**condescending** – protekcjonalny, wywyższający

**period** – (i) kropka

**treason** – zdrada

**to glare** – wpatrywać się gniewnie

**bowels** – jelita

**laxative** – środek przeczyszczający

**hide** – skóra zwierzęcia

**taxi stand** – postój taksówek

**reluctantly** – niechętnie

**prudent** – rozważny

**fence** – płot

**occupant** – mieszkaniec

**break-in** – włamanie

**lap** – kolana

**to blast** – głośno grać

**to rap** – pukać, stukać

**to bang** – walić

**flowerpot** – doniczka

**to let oneself in** – wchodzić

**big band** – duży zespół jazzowy

**to rattle** – stukać, grzechotać

**remote control** – pilot

**to mute** – wyciszać

**groggily** – na wpół przytomnie

**to chew** – gryźć, rzuć

**cord** – kabel, przewód

**copper** – miedziany

**sight for sore eyes** – widok, który raduje serce

**to steam** – parować

**resigned** – zrezygnowany

**to sacrifice** – poświęcać

**to suck** – ssać

**dental bridge** – mostek dentystyczny

**fall guy** – kozioł ofiarny

**payment in kind** – transakcja wymienna

**ass** – osioł; dureń, dupek (wulg.)

**appliance** – urządzenie

**struggle** – walka

**there, there** – no już, już (pocieszenie)

**to mislead** – wprowadzać w błąd

**from day one** – od początku

**to ease into** – wprowadzić łagodnie w coś

**one-dimensional** – jednowymiarowy, płytki

**predictable** – przewidywalny

**suggestible** – ulegający wpływom

**unsuited** – nieprzystosowany

**fit** – odpowiedni, gotowy

**to take on** – stawiać czoło, mierzyć się

**to pat** – poklepać

**husky** – chrapliwy

**to drop the lawsuit** – wycofać oskarżenie

**to whack** – zdzielić; tu: wykończyć

## CHAPTER 12½

**to go together** – pasować do siebie

**haunted** – udręczony; nawiedzony

**stricken** – cierpiący, udręczony

**to grasp** – chwytać

**mumble** – bełkot, mamrot

**fever-pitched** – podekscytowany

**way back** – dawno

**amusing** – zabawny

**downright** – kompletny

**put sth that way** – tak to ująć

**for old times' sake** – ze względu na stare czasy

**in a jiffy** – za chwilkę

**imploring** – błagalny

**to shuffle** – powłóczyć nogami, wlec się

**defeated** – przegrany, pokonany

**distraught** – załamany, nieszczęsny

**tray** – taca

**off-duty** – nie na służbie, cywilny

**heir apparent** – prawowity spadkobierca

## CHAPTER 13

**traces** – ślady

**barbiturates** – barbituran (środek nasenny)

**to grip** – chwytać

**agitated** – poruszony, wzburzony

**the thing is...** – chodzi o to, że...

**statement** – oświadczenie, zdanie

**to stretch** – naciągać

**perverted** – wypaczony, zdemoralizowany

**might as well** – równie dobrze, właściwie

**at the head of** – z przodu

**to work one's way through** – iść, przedzierać się

**huddle** – masa

**loss** – strata

**holy matrimony** – święty związek małżeński

**to flip** – przekładać, przerzucać

**service** – nabożeństwo

**fill-in-the-blank** – uzupełnij puste miejsce

**everlasting** – wieczny

**here after** – życie pozagrobowe

**mortal coil** – codzienny znój

**to consort** – spotkać się z, przebywać z

**little did he know** – nie zdawał sobie sprawy

**to feed** – dostarczać, doprowadzać

**brake fluid** – płyn hamulcowy

**to skid off** – ruszać z piskiem opon

**to cast a glance** – rzucać okiem, spoglądać

**as chipper as a squirrel** – wesoły jak szczygieł

**to exercise persuasion** – przekonywać, naciskać, zmuszać

**to round a corner** – skręcać

**baby carriage** – wózek dziecięcy

**to spurt out** – wytryskać

**to sever** – ucinać

**to stamp** – stąpać, wciskać

**to swerve** – gwałtownie skręcać

**to crumple** – zgniatać

**to brush** – ocierać się

**dirt road** – polna droga

## CHAPTER 14

**winding** – kręty

**withered** – winiszczony

**duvet** – kołdra

**jut out** – wystawać

**assortment** – zbiór, kolekcja

**vial** – fiolka

**crumpled** – zgnieciony

**to scrutinize** – przypatrywać się, obserwować

**tucky-uppy** – sen, spanie

**right angle** – kąt prosty

**butler** – lokaj, kamerdyner

**trolley** – wózek

**tumbler** – szklanka

**to mourn** – opłakiwać

**to throw a wrench** – zepsuć, pokrzyżować plany

**reservations** – zastrzeżenia

**yoke** – jarzmo, ciężar

**feebly** – niepewnie, cicho

**nerve-rattling** – stresujący

**buyout** – wykup

**annuity** – renta, wypłata

**to push around** – pomiatać

**demeanor** – postawa, zachowanie

**spirit** – zapał

**outburst** – wybuch emocji

**to course** – płynąć

**heady** – podchmielony

**gravely** – poważnie

**neat** – gustowny, porządny, schludny

**jet black** – kruczoczarny

**to settle** – wyjaśniać, uzgadniać

**considerable** – duży, znaczny

**to launch** – wydawać, wypuszczać

**infamous** – niechlubny, haniebny

**slick** – przebiegły, podstępny

**to adjust** – dopasowywać

**flavor** – smak

**formidable** – ogromny, potężny

**that is** – oczywiście (na końcu wypowiedzi)

**to drag up** – wywlekać

**allegation** – oskarżenie, zarzut

**to slur** – mówić niewyraźnie, bełkotać

**manikin** – fantom, manekin

**to feel dizzy** – mieć zawroty głowy

**unattainable** – nieosiągalny

**putty** – kit

**motionless** – nieruchomy

## CHAPTER 15

**meadow** – łąka

**to morph** – zmieniać

**to swing open** – otwierać (się) gwałtownie

**ravenously** – zachłannie

**on either side** – po obu stronach

**to hum** – brzęczeć, buczeć

**to criss-cross** – przecinać się, krzyżować

**to keep pace** – nadążać, dotrzymywać kroku

**huff and puff** – dyszeć i sapać

**landing** – półpiętro

**Indian summer** – babie lato

**potted** – doniczkowy

**to sway** – kołysać się

**heaped with** – pełen czegoś

**to clasp one's hands** – splatać, zaciskać dłonie

**to beam** – uśmiechać się szeroko

**to deflate** – spuszczać powietrze; tu: opadać

**vivid** – żywy, wyrazisty

**to pinch** – szczypać

**anchor** – kotwica

**flabby** – obwisły, wiotki

**fuzzy** – niewyraźny

**bolt upright** – prosto, sztywno

**to collapse** – przewracać się, (u)padać

**safe haven** – bezpieczna przystań, azyl

**to get out of the picture** – usunąć, ukryć

**to hand over** – przekazywać

**limbo** – stan zawieszenia, otchłań

**brainwashing** – pranie mózgu

**to tinker with** – majstrować przy, zmieniać

**frontal** – przedni

**lobe** – płat (mózgu)

## CHAPTER 16

**inaudible** – niesłyszalny

**to get sb to do sth** – przekonać kogoś do zrobienia czegoś

**to scamper** – pędzić, czmychać

**creaky** – skrzypiący

**moist** – wilgotny

**expansive** – rozległy, duży

**to slither down** – zejść po, ześlizgnąć się

**lawn** – trawnik

**to register** – zajarzyć, zanotować

**to be toast** – być po kimś; być ugotowanym; nie żyć

**in exile** – na wygnaniu

**to plot** – spiskować, knuć

**to set sb up** – wrabiać kogoś

**creek** – strumyk

**wire fence** – płot z drutu kolczastego

**to dash** – uciekać, pędzić

**freaking** – pieprzony

**to glare** – wpatrywać się gniewnie

**to snap off** – odłamać

**petite** – drobny

**frame** – postura, budowa ciała

**to crouch (down)** – kucać

**ditch** – rów

**camper van** – samochód kempingowy

**to be headed** – podążać, iść w jakimś kierunku

**ain't** – aren't/isn't (kolokwialnie)

**to reckon** – myśleć, uważać

**to hop in** – wskoczyć

**spell** – trochę, kawałek

**checkered** – w kratkę

**to put into gear** – wrzucać bieg

**light bulb** – żarówka

**evasive** – wymijający

**to cease** – zatrzymywać, przestawać

**rear view mirror** – lusterko wsteczne

**gyration** – wirowanie, obrót

**heritage** – dziedzictwo, spuścizna

**reform school** – poprawczak

**confined** – mały, zamknięty, ograniczony

**astonishment** – zdziwienie

**tabarnak!** – cholera! (wulgaryzm używany w Kanadzie)

**brim** – krawędź, brzeg

**in way of** – jak..., w geście...

**lunatic** – wariat, szaleniec

**to digest** – trawić, przemyśleć

**to spread like**

**wildfire** – szerzyć się szybko

**to rejoin** – dołączyć, dosiąść się

**can’t tell** – trudno powiedzieć

**right as rain** – absolutna prawda

**halfway round** – do połowy

**sane** – zdrowy, rozumny

**to spin round** – przekręcać, obracać

**barrel** – lufa

**gauge** – kaliber

**to come clean** – przyznać się, wyznać prawdę

**trigger-happy** – narwany, impulsywny

## CHAPTER 17

**sobering** – otrzeźwiający

**stake** – stawka, tu: szczęście, passa

**all but** – prawie, niemal

**the hand** – ręka, rozdanie w kartach

**to omit** – pomijać

**bewildered** – zdziwiony, oszołomiony

**to toss** – rzucać

**to roar** – ryczeć

**to glow** – świecić, płonąć

**blaze** – blask

**regretfully** – z żalem, smutkiem

**to turn sb in** – donieść na kogoś, wydać

**and that will be that** – i będzie po nas, i to by było na tyle

**straw** – słomka

**rush** – napływ, uderzenie

**curd cheese** – twaróg

**gravy** – sos pieczeniowy

**subversive** – wywrotowy

**to stash** – ukrywać, chować

**staging area** – baza operacyjna

**to conquer** – zdobywać, podbijać

**to stroke** – głaskać

**wistfully** – smutno

**city-slicker** – cwaniaczek, mieszczuch

**in full swing** – w pełni

**to blaze away** – strzelać

**to mow down** – powalać, kosić

**to line** – stać w szeregu

**truckloads** – ciężarówki pełne...

**rustling** – szelest, hałas

**to burp** – bekać

**to snore** – chrapać

**to fold down** – składać

**to huddle** – przytulać się, kulić się

**jammed** – wciśnięty, upchnięty

**to wind** – owijać, splatać

**friction** – tarcie

**garish** – jaskrawy, jasny

**to thrust** – pchnąć, wsunąć

**nipple** – sutek

**tank top** – koszulka na ramiączkach

**doped (up)** – z domieszką narkotyków

**to stand up to sb** – przeciwstawiać się, konfrontować się z

**to not see sth coming** – nie przewidzieć, zostać zaskoczonym

**trick** – sztuczka

**to purr** – mruczeć

**that was the last straw** – tego juz było za wiele

**to peel** – ściągnać

**confines** – granice, ograniczenie

**restraint** – ograniczenie ruchów

**straightjacket** – kaftan bezpieczeństwa

**frantic** – szalony, gwałtowny

**to savor** – delektować się, rozkoszować

**bare-chested** – z nagim torsem

**to keep it down** – być ciszej

**clutched** – ściśnięty

## CHAPTER 18

**mum's the word** – ani mru-mru

**to wag a tail** – machać ogonem

**elastic band** – gumka recepturka

**to bat an eyelid** – mrugnąć okiem

**crippled** – kaleki

**menace** – zagrożenie, niebezpieczeństwo

**wade into** – wtopić się, wejść

**motley** – różnorodny, rozmaity

**atop** – na

**hoarding** – billboard

**pounding** – hałas, walenie

**to bellow** – wrzeszczeć

**to brace for** – przygotować się na

**martial arts** – sztuki walki

**brawl** – bójka

**commotion** – zamieszanie

**anxious** – zaniepokojony

**assemble** – zbierać się

**aisle** – przejście

**gaping** – rozdziawiony, otwarty

**pole** – tyczka, maszt

**chill** – dreszcz

**to wipe** – wycierać

**spittle** – ślina

**fink** – kapuś, donosiciel

**back-biting** – obgadywanie, obmawianie

**to befall** – przytrafić się, spotkać kogoś

**ominous** – złowrogi

**send shivers down sb's back** – wywoływać dreszcze

**to erect** – wznosić, stawiać

**(ice skating) rink** – lodowisko

**loop hole** – luka prawna

**to crawl** – wyczołgać się

**scaffolding** – rusztowanie

**braces** – podpórki

**fake** – oszustwo

**bodiless** – bezcielesny

**ethereal** – eteryczny, nieziemski

**day-to-day** – codzienny

**to stress** – podkreślać

**plywood** – sklejka, dykta

**power of attorney** – pełnomocnictwo

**estate** – majątek, zasoby

**provision** – postanowienie, przepis

**last will** – testament

**to depart** – odejść, umrzeć

**claims** – żądania, roszczenia

**outstanding** – nieuregulowany

**ongoing** – trwający

**therein** – w tym, w niniejszym

**to sitpulate** – określać; zastrzegać

**patter** – stukanie, klepanie

**to peek** – zerkać, spoglądać

**surrogate** – zastępczy

**takeover** – przejęcie (firmy)

## CHAPTER 19

**proverbial** – przysłowiowy

**rage** – złość

**to pent up** – tłumić

**to keep in check** – powstrzymywać, hamować

**to lunge** – rzucać się

**hairpiece** – peruka

**to make it snappy** – zrobić to coś szybko

**ring** – kółko

**trap door** – klapa

**stairway** – klatka schodowa, schody

**to punch in** – wbijać, wpisywać

**to click open** – otwierać

**inconspicuous** – nierzucający się w oczy

**wearily** – ociężale, powoli

**zipper** – zamek, suwak

**cardboard** – tekturowy

**stamp** – pieczątka

**affidavit** – oświadczenie pod przysięgą

**to stand up** – przejść

**to shuffle** – mieszać, tasować

**fugitive** – zbieg, uciekinier

**stake** – wkład, udział

**resolution** – rozwiązanie, zakończenie

**non-entity** – ktoś bez znaczenia, nieistotny

**to take it all in** – przemyśleć, przetrawić

**step** – krok, etap

**flaw** – wada, błąd

**bald** – zuchwały, śmiały

**hitch** – komplikacja, utrudnienie

**chart** – diagram, tabela

**to double check** – upewniać się

## CHAPTER 20

**bunch** – grupa, banda

**to wisecrack** – dowcipkować, żartować

**smart ass** – mądrala, cwaniaczek

**affectionately** – czule

**to fall for** – zakochiwać się w; nabierać się na

**the likes of them** – im podobnych

**corned beef on rye** – rodzaj kanapki z wołowiną

**to tell you the truth** – szczerze mówiąc, prawdę powiedziawszy

**incensed** – rozłoszczony

**framed** – oprawiony, w ramce

**appalled** – przerażony

**to be frank** – szczerze mówiąc

**character** – osoba, postać

**interim** – tymczasowy

**have yet to** – haven't yet

**to apprehend** – zatrzymywać, aresztować

**precinct** – komisariat policji

**to grill** – przepytywać, przesłuchiwać

**to recover** – zdrowieć, dochodzić do siebie

**undisclosed** – nieujawniony

**to term** – nazwać

**fatal** – śmiertelny

**plunge** – skok

**curse** – przekleństwo

**under one's breath** – pod nosem, szeptem

**term of endearment** – czułe słówko

**incessantly** – nieustannie, ciągle

**to be up and about** – stawać na nogi, wracać do formy

**to spill** – wylewać

**to lap (up)** – chłeptać; tu: zjeść

**all in a day's work** – wliczony w pracę/zawód

**last rites** – ostatnie namaszczenie

**contempt** – pogarda

**to put together** – wyjaśniać coś, składać w całość

**prior to** – przed, poprzedzający

**string** – szereg, seria

**display** – pokaz; tu: wydarzenie

**heir apparent** – prawowity spadkobierca

**to play down** – bagatelizować, umniejszać

**ticket** – mandat poselski

**pertain to** – dotyczyć czegoś

**bloodletting** – krwawe porachunki

**to call to account** – pociągnąć do odpowiedzialności

**clarion call** – wezwanie

**trading** – handel

**takeover bid** – oferta przejęcia

**deceased** – zmarły

**to point out** – wskazywać

**discontent** – niezadowolenie

**touted** – zachwalany

## EPILOGUE

**fleck** – kawałek

**dumbly** – tępo

**crossly** – ze złością

**to storm out** – wybiegać

**to laugh sth off** – obrócić coś w żart

**to slip out** – wyślizgnąć się, zniknąć

**to linger on** – wpatrywać się, skupiać wzrok na

**to be bursting to do sth** – mieć ochotę coś zrobić

**flip flops** – klapki

**beach bum** – miłośnik plażowania

**glamorous** – wytworny, wspaniały

**bit by bit** – po trochu

**tale** – opowieść

**instantly** – od razu

**to rip up** – rozdzierać, tu: przemierzać

**let-down** – rozczarowanie

**hoodlum** – bandzior, gangster

**scrawny** – wychudły, kościsty

**underfed** – niedożywiony

**trailer trash** – biedacy (slang), mieszkańcy przyczep kempingowych

**tentatively** – niepewnie

**tips** – opuszki

**to draw together** – zbliżać się do siebie

**to meddle** – wtrącać się

# SŁOWNICZEK

## A

**a dime a dozen** – bez liku, na pęczki

**abruptly** – nagle, gwałtownie

**absolution** – rozgrzeszenie

**abuse** – przemoc

**accolade** – pochwała, nagroda

**accredited** – akredytowany

**accurate** – dokładny

**acquisition** – nabycie, przejęcie

**adjust** – dopasowywać

**affectionately** – czule

**affidavit** – oświadczenie pod przysięgą

**after all** – w końcu, wszak

**agitated** – poruszony, wzburzony

**aim** – dążyć do, próbować

**ain’t** – aren’t/isn’t (kolokwialnie)

**aisle** – przejście

**ajar** – uchylony

**all around** – całkowicie, kompletnie

**all but** – prawie, niemal

**all in a day's work** – wliczony w pracę/zawód

**allegation** – oskarżenie, zarzut

**amusing** – zabawny

**anchor** – kotwica

**and that will be that** – i to by było na tyle

**anxious** – zaniepokojony

**any given** – jakiś, jakikolwiek

**any good (at)** – dobry (w)

**appalled** – przerażony

**apparently** – ewidentnie

**appeal** – uciekać się do

**appliance** – urządzenie

**apprehend** – zatrzymywać, aresztować

**approval** – akceptacja

**approve of** – aprobować

**approximately** – około

**arbitrage** – arbitraż

**array** – (szeroki) wybór

**as chipper as a squirrel** – wesoły jak szczygieł

**as clean as a whistle** – czysty jak łza

**ascension** – wniebowstąpienie

**aside** – z boku

**ass** – osioł; dureń, dupek (wulg.)

**assault** – napaść

**assemble** – zbierać się

**asset** – kapitał

**assign** – przydzielać

**associated with** – kojarzony z

**assortment** – zbiór, kolekcja

**astonishment** – zdziwienie

**at a time** – za jednym razem

**at play** – wchodzić w grę, odegrać rolę

**at the foot of** – u dołu / stóp

**at the head of** – z przodu

**atop** – na

**attorney** – prawnik

**attuned to** – dostrojony, dopasowany, przyzwyczajony

## B

**baby carriage** – wózek dziecięcy

**back in the day** – dawnymi czasy

**back-biting** – obgadywanie, obmawianie

**backstage** – za kulisami

**bald** – zuchwały, śmiały

**ballsy** – z jajami

**bang** – walić

**barbiturates** – barbituran (środek nasenny)

**bare** – nagi, tu: pusty

**bare-chested** – z nagim torsem

**barge ahead** – przepychać się, tu: iść na całość

**barrage** – zalew, potok czegoś

**barrel** – lufa

**bashed up** – poturbowany

**bat an eyelid** – mrugnąć okiem

**bay** – zatoka

**be all over sb** – przymilać się, łasić się do kogoś

**be bursting do sth** – mieć ochotę coś zrobić

be due

**be frank** – szczerze mówiąc

**be headed** – podążać, iść w jakimś kierunku

**be relieved** – czuć ulgę

**be toast** – być po kimś; być ugotowanym; nie żyć

**be up and about** – stawać na nogi, wracać do formy

**beach bum** – miłośnik plażowania

**beam** – uśmiechać się szeroko

**befall** – przytrafić się, spotkać kogoś

**begrudge** – żałować (komuś czegoś)

**bellow** – wrzeszczeć

**bend down** – schylać się

**benefits** – plusy, korzyści

**bestow** – wpajać, nadawać

**betrayal** – zdrada

**bewildered** – zdziwiony, oszołomiony

**big band** – duży zespół jazzowy

**bill** – banknot

**bit by bit** – po trochu

**black jack** – pałka

**blanket absolution** – rozgrzeszenie powszechne

**blast** – walić, uderzać, głośno grać

**blaze** – blask

**blazer** – marynarka

**bloodletting** – krwawe porachunki

**board** – wsiadać

**boast** – chwalić się

**bob** – fryzura na pazia

**bodiless** – bezcielesny

**bolt upright** – prosto, sztywno

**bond** – obligacja

**booze** – alkohol (pot.)

**bottomless** – bez dna

**bow** – kłaniać się

**bowels of sth** – wnętrze, trzewia

**brace for** – przygotować się na

**braces** – podpórki

**brag** – przechwalać się

**brainwashing** – pranie mózgu

**brake fluid** – płyn hamulcowy

**brass** – mosiężny

**brawl** – bójka

**break new ground** – otwierać nowe możliwości, doprowadzać do przełomu

**break-in** – włamanie

**brew** – zaparzyć

**brief** – krótki

**brim** – krawędź, brzeg

**brisk** – rześki

**broker** – makler

**brush** – ocierać się

**bunch** – grupa, banda

**burp** – bekać

**business card** – wizytówka

**busker** – grajek uliczny

**butler** – lokaj, kamerdyner

**buyout** – wykup

**buzz open** – otworzyć się z dźwiękiem alarmu

**bypass** – omijać

## C

**call account** – pociągnąć do odpowiedzialności

**camper van** – samochód kempingowy

**candor** – szczerość

**can’t tell** – trudno powiedzieć

**car** – wagon

**carbon copy** – wierne odbicie, kopia

**cardboard** – tekturowy

**career path** – ścieżka kariery

**carnation** – goździk

**carving knife** – nóż do mięsa

**cash in on** – zarobić na czymś

**cast a glance** – rzucać okiem, spoglądać

**cast back** – wracać do przeszłości, przenosić do przeszłości

**cast-iron** – żeliwny

**casual** – zwyczajny, codzienny

**cautious** – ostrożny

**cavernouns** – ogromny, przepastny

**cease** – zatrzymywać, przestawać

**character** – osoba, postać

**charm** – urok, wdzięk

**chart** – diagram, tabela

**chart** – wykres

**chat up** – podrywać

**chatter** – rozmowy, gadanie

**checkered** – w kratkę

**cheek to jowl** – blisko siebie, obok siebie

**chesterfield** – skórzana, pikowana sofa

**chew** – gryźć, rzuć

**chill** – dreszcz

**chime in** – wtrącić się

**chipper, as ~ as a squirrel** – wesoły jak szczygieł

**chives** – szczypiorek

**chowder** – zupa z ryb lub owoców morza

**chuckle** – chichotać

**cityscape** – panorama miasta

**city-slicker** – cwaniaczek, mieszczuch

**claims** – żądania, roszczenia

**clam** – małż

**clamber** – wspinać się

**clarion call** – wezwanie

**clasp one’s hands** – splatać, zaciskać dłonie

**clasped** – ściśnięty

**classified ad** – ogłoszenie drobne

**clenched** – zaciśnięty, zatknięty (w)

**click open** – otwierać

**closet** – szafa

**clutched** – ściśnięty

**cobbled** – wybrukowany

**cocky** – pewny siebie

**coherent** – spójny

**collapse** – przewracać się, (u)padać

**collar** – obroża

**come across** – wpadać na, znaleźć

**come clean** – przyznać się, wyznać prawdę

**come inequation** – wchodzić w rachubę

**come to sth** – dojść do czegoś

**come to think of it** – o ile dobrze pamiętam

**come up** – wychodzić, pojawiać się

**commotion** – zamieszanie

**concern** – zmartwienie

**condescending** – protekcjonalny, wywyższający

**confessional box** – konfesjonał

**confined** – mały, zamknięty, ograniczony

**confines** – granice, ograniczenie

**conjure** – przywoływać

**connect the dots** – wyciągać wnioski, łączyć fakty

**conquer** – zdobywać, podbijać

**consensus** – zgodna opinia

**considerable** – duży, znaczny

**consort** – spotkać się z, przebywać z

**contempt** – pogarda

**co-opt** – pozyskać, przyjąć

**copper** – miedziany

**cord** – kabel, przewód

**corned beef on rye** – rodzaj kanapki z wołowiną

**couch** – kanapa

**cough up** – zapłacić, zabulić

**count me in** – wchodzę w to, licz na mnie

**counter** – lada

**countless** – niezliczony

**course** – płynąć

**cozy** – przytulny

**crawl** – wyczołgać się

**creaky** – skrzypiący

**creek** – strumyk

**creep** – dziwak

**crippled** – kaleki

**criss-cross** – przecinać się, krzyżować

**croak** – mówić ochrypłym głosem; wykitować (pot.)

**crooked** – nieuczciwy, szemrany

**cross oneself** – przeżegnać się

**cross paths** – spotkać się

**crossly** – ze złością

**crouch (down)** – kucać

**crumple** – zgniatać

**crumpled** – zgnieciony

**culprit** – sprawca, winny

**cumbersome** – trudny, zawikłany

**curb** – krawężnik

**curiosity store** – sklep z osobliwościami

**curler** – wałek do włosów

**curse** – kląć, przeklinać; przekleństwo

**curve** – wyginać (się), zaokrąglać (się)

**custody** – opieka prawna

## D

**damn right** – (cholerna) racja

**dash** – uciekać, pędzić

**dashboard** – deska rozdzielcza

**day to day** – codzienny

**dead men tell no tales** – umarli milczą

**dead-cat bounce** – niewielki wzrost kursów rynkowych

**dearly** – z całego serca

**deceased** – zmarły

**deceit** – oszustwo, kłamstwo

**defeated** – przegrany, pokonany

**deflate** – spuszczać powietrze

**demanding** – wymagający

**demeanor** – postawa, zachowanie

**dent** – wgniecenie

**dental bridge** – mostek dentystyczny

**depart** – odejść, umrzeć

**derail** – wykoleić się

**descend** – schodzić

**die off** – ucichać

**digest** – trawić, przemyśleć

**dime – moneta dziesięciocentowa; a ~ a dozen** – bez liku, na pęczki

**dirt road** – polna droga

**dirty** – nieprzyzwoity, sprośny

**dirty book** – powieść erotyczna

**discontent** – niezadowolenie

**discrepancy** – różnica, rozbieżność

**display** – pokaz; tu: wydarzenie

**distraught** – załamany, nieszczęsny

**disturbing** – wstrząsający

**ditch** – rów

**ditty** – piosenka, rymowanka

**do sb good** – coś zrobi komuś dobrze

**dog tired** – złachany, wykończony

**donor** – dawca

**doped (up)** – z domieszką narkotyków

**dot com crash** – bańka internetowa

**double check** – upewniać się

**downright** – kompletny

**downtick** – obniżenie wartości waluty

**downtown** – centrum miasta

**drag out** – wywlekać, wyciągać

**drag up** – wywlekać

**drainage** – system kanalizacyjny

**draw** – czerpać, brać; przyciągać; **~ together** – zbliżać się do siebie

**dread** – strach, lęk

**dreadful** – okropnie

**drift away** – oddalać się

**drift off (sleep)** – przysnąć

**drive – pęd; ~ sb to** – doprowadzać kogoś do

**drop** – opadać

**drop one's marbles** – wariować

**drop the lawsuit** – wycofać oskarżenie

**duly** – należycie

**dumbly** – tępo

**dummy** – (pot.) głupek

**duration** – czas trwania

**duvet** – kołdra

**dwarf** – przyćmiewać, pomniejszać

## E

**earnest** – poważny, szczery

**ease in** – wprowadzić łagodnie w coś

**edges** – obrzeża

**edible** – jadalny

**elastic band** – gumka recepturka

**elbow** – szturchać łokciem

**emblem** – symbol, godło

**endeavor** – przedsięwzięcie

**endwise** – w dół, na dolnym boku

**erect** – wznosić, stawiać

**ermine** – gronostaj

**estate** – majątek, zasoby

**ethereal** – eteryczny, nieziemski

**evasive** – wymijający

**event** – wydarzenie

**everlasting** – wieczny

**every Tom, Dick and Harry** – każdy

**exact** – dokładny

**exasperation** – złość, irytacja

**exchange plesantries** – wymieniać uprzejmości

**executive** – kierowniczy

**exercise persuasion** – naciskać, zmuszać

**exile** – wygnanie

**expansive** – rozległy, duży

**expose** – obnażać coś, wyjawiać tajemnicę

**expressionless** – bez wyrazu, bez emocji

**extraordinary** – niesamowity

**eye sb up and down** – mierzyć kogoś wzrokiem

## F

**facilitate** – ułatwiać, udostępniać

**factor** – czynnik

**fail** – nie udać się, nie powieść

**fake** – oszust, oszustwo

**fall for** – zakochiwać się w; nabierać się na

**fall guy** – kozioł ofiarny

**fatal** – śmiertelny

**fateful** – nieszczęsny

**feebly** – niepewnie, cicho

**feed** – dostarczać, doprowadzać

**feel dizzy** – mieć zawroty głowy

**feel of sth** – atmosfera, wrażenie

**fell (trees)** – ścinać

**fence** – płot

**fever-pitched** – podekscytowany

**figure** – wpaść na, dojść do wniosku

**figure out** – zorientować się, wymyślić

**file** – sortować pocztę, dokumenty; plik; pilnik

**fill-in-the-blank** – właściwa, idealna, pasująca jak ulał

**filter down** – przenikać, dostawać się

**fink** – kapuś, donosiciel

**first-timer** – debiutant

**fit** – pasować; sprawny, atrakcyjny, odpowiedni, gotowy

**fixed** – wpatrzony

**fixed interest securities** – papiery wartościowe o stałym oprocentowaniu

**flabby** – obwisły, wiotki

**flag down** – zatrzymać

**flap** – trzepotać

**flavor** – smak

**flaw** – wada, błąd

**fleck** – kawałek

**flesh** – ciało

**flexibility** – elastyczność

**flicker** – migać, mrugać, drgać

**flip** – przekładać, przerzucać

**float** – unosić się na powierzchni; **~ back** – wypływać na powierzchnię

**flooz** – zdzira, lafirynda

**floozy-like** – zdzirowaty

**flowerpot** – doniczka

**fluff** – puszek

**fluid** – płyn

**fluorescent** – fluorescencyjny

**flushed** – z wypiekami

**flutter** – trzepotać, powiewać

**fold down** – składać

**follow in one's footsteps** – iść w czyjeś ślady

**following** – następny

**for dear life** – ze wszystkich sił

**for old times' sake** – ze względu na stare czasy

**for that matter** – jeśli o to chodzi, tak samo

**force** – zmuszać; siła, moc

**forefinger** – palec wskazujący

**formidable** – ogromny, potężny

**fraction** – ułamek; **in a ~ of a second** – w ułamku sekundy

**frame** – postura, budowa ciała

**frame of mind** – samopoczucie, humor

**framed** – oprawiony, w ramce; wrobiony

**frantic** – szalony, gwałtowny

**freaking** – pieprzony

**free radicals** – wolne rodniki

**friction** – tarcie

**frivolous** – frywolny

**from day one** – od początku

**from then on** – odtąd

**frontal** – przedni

**frown** – marszczyć brwi

**fugitive** – zbieg, uciekinier

**fully-fledged** – pełnoprawny, prawdziwy

**fund-raiser** – osoba zajmująca się zbiórką pieniędzy

**futures** – transakcje terminowe

**fuzzy** – niewyraźny

## G

**gaping** – rozdziawiony, otwarty

**garish** – jaskrawy, jasny

**gather** – zbierać

**gauge** – kaliber

**gauntlet, run the ~** – być narażonym na, wystawiać się na ryzyko

**genuinely** – autentycznie

**get a feel for** – wczuć się, nabrać wprawy, zrozumieć

**get a glimpse of** – ujrzeć, zobaczyć

**get on with it** – pospiesz się

**get out of the picture** – usunąć, ukryć

**get sb to do sth** – przekonać kogoś do zrobienia czegoś

**get sb in** – wpakować kogoś w coś

**get sth off one's chest** – wyznać coś, zrzucić coś z siebie

**get sth right** – zrobić coś jak należy

**get stuck** – utknąć

**get the shakes** – trząść się

**get through** – dochodzić, przedostawać się

**giggle away** – chichotać

**give sb a once-over** – mierzyć kogoś wzrokiem

**give sth a thought** – pomyśleć, zastanowić się nad czymś

**glamorous** – wytworny, wspaniały

**glance** – zerkać

**glare** – wpatrywać się gniewnie

**glow** – świecić, płonąć

**gluttonous** – żarłoczny, łakomy

**go about** – kontynuować

**go down** – iść do więzienia

**go off shift** – kończyć zmianę

**go out into the world** – wyjść w świat

**go over the side** – przelecieć przez krawędź/na drugą stonę

**go together** – pasować do siebie

**golden parachute** – wysoka odprawa

**goose** – uszczypnąć w pośladek; **~ that lays golden eggs** – kura znosząca złote jaja

**grab** – chwytać

**grain, take sth with a ~ of salt** – brać coś z przymrużeniem oka

**granted, take for ~** – brać coś za pewnik, uważać za oczywiste

**grasp** – chwytać

**grating** – krata

**gravely** – poważnie

**gravy** – sos pieczeniowy

**grill** – przepytywać, przesłuchiwać

**grind a halt** – zatrzymać się, ugrzęznąć

**grip** – chwytać

**grisly** – makabryczny

**groggily** – na wpół przytomnie

**grope** – macać

**grossly** – straszliwie, okropnie

**gruffly** – opryskliwie, szorstko

**grunt work** – brudna robota

**gulp** – łyk

**gurney** – łóżko szpitalne na kółkach

**gyration** – wirowanie, obrót

## H

**haggard** – wynędzniały

**hail** – zatrzymywać

**hairpiece** – peruka

**hair-pin turn** – ostry zakręt

**half way round** – do połowy

**hand over** – przekazywać

**harbor** – przystań

**hastily** – w pośpiechu

**hatchet** – siekiera, topór

**haunted** – udręczony

**haunted** – udręczony; nawiedzony

**have a blast** – świetnie się bawić

**have it in sb** – mieć to coś

**have one’s fingers in a pie** – maczać w czymś palce, być w coś zamieszanym

**have one’s heart in the right place** – być dobrym człowiekiem

**have sb by the short and curlies** – mieć kogoś w garści

**have sth do with** – mieć coś z czymś wspólnego, mieć z czymś do czynienia

**have sth in common** – mieć coś wspólnego

have yet to = haven’t yet

**hay – słoma, hit the ~** – uderzyć w kimono

**head** – zmierzać ku

**heady** – mocny, uderzający do głowy; podchmielony

**heaped with** – pełen czegoś

**heave** – falować, unosić się

**heir apparent** – prawowity spadkobierca

**here after** – życie pozagrobowe

**heritage** – dziedzictwo, spuścizna

**hide** – skóra zwierzęcia

**hike up** – podnosić się, podjeżdżać

**hit the hay** – pójść spać; uderzyć w kimono

**hitch** – komplikacja, utrudnienie

**hive of activity** – miejsce tętniące życiem

**hoarding** – bilboard

**hold multiple positions** – być na wielu stanowiskach

**hold sth against sb** – mieć komuś coś za złe

**holy matrimony** – święty związek małżeński

**hoodlum** – bandzior, gangster

**hooker** – prostytutka

**hop in** – wskoczyć

**hopped up** – naćpany, na haju

**host** – gospodarz

**huddle** – przytulać się, kulić się; masa

**huff and puff** – dyszeć i sapać

**hum** – brzęczeć, buczeć, nucić

**humble** – pokorny

**husky** – chrapliwy

## I

**I happened to...** – Tak się złożyło, że...

**ice skating rink** – lodowisko

**I’m due** – mam być

**impact** – zderzenie

**imploring** – błagalny

**imposing** – okazały

**in a fraction of a second** – w ułam-ku sekundy

**in a jiffy** – za chwilkę

**in exile** – na wygnaniu

**in full swing** – pełną parą

**in question** – dany, o którym mowa

**in shifts** – na zmiany

**in slow motion** – w zwolnionym tempie

**in tandem with** – razem z

**in way of** – jak..., w geście...

**inaudible** – niesłyszalny

**incensed** – rozłoszczony

**incessantly** – nieustannie, ciągle

**inclined to** – zobowiązany do

**inconspicuous** – nierzucający się w oczy

**increase** – wzrost

**Indian summer** – babie lato

**indigestion** – niestrawność

**indignant** – oburzony

**indignation** – złość

**inevitable** – nieunikniony

**inexorable** – nieunikniony

**infamous** – niechlubny, haniebny

**innumerable** – niezliczony

**insider** – osoba wtajemniczona

**instantly** – od razu

**instill** – wpajać

**intend** – zamierzać

**intently** – uważnie, bacznie

**interim** – tymczasowy

**interject** – wtrącać

**interlace** – przeplatać

**inward** – do wewnątrz

**it goes to show** – to dowodzi

**it isn’t becoming** – to nie przystoi

**it only goes to show** – to dowodzi

## J

**jammed** – wciśnięty, upchnięty

**jet black** – kruczoczarny

**jiffy** – chwilka

**jolt** – szarpać

**jut** – wystawiać, wystawać; **~ out** – wystawać

## K

**keen** – ciekawy

**keep an eye on sb** – mieć na kogoś oko

**keep in check** – powstrzymywać, hamować

**keep it down** – być ciszej

**keep pace** – nadążać, dotrzymywać kroku

**keep sb happy** – uszczęśliwiać / udobruchać kogoś

**knick-knack** – ozdóbka, drobiazg, bibelot

## L

**lack of** – brak

**lackey** – sługus

**laid back** – wyluzowany

**landing** – półpiętro

**lap** – kolana

**lap (up)** – chłeptać; tu: zjeść

**laryngitis** – zapalenie krtani

**last rites** – ostatnie namaszczenie

**Last Supper** – Ostatnia Wieczerza

**last will** – testament

**laugh sth off** – obrócić coś w żart

**launch** – wydawać, wypuszczać

**laundering** – pranie; **money ~** – pranie brudnych pieniędzy

**lawn** – trawnik

**lawsuit** – proces sądowy

**laxative** – środek przeczyszczający

**leap** – skok, tu: skurcz, węzeł (w żołądku)

**leash** – smycz

**leave behind** – pozostawić

**leave sb sth** – zostawić kogoś, żeby coś dokończył

**lecture** – pouczać, moralizować

**legal guardian** – opiekun prawny

**lesser** – mniej znany, gorszy

**let alone** – a co dopiero

**let on** – pokazywać, zdradzać

**let oneself in** – wchodzić

**let-down** – rozczarowanie

**let’s get going** – idziemy, ruszamy

**light bulb** – żarówka

**limbo** – stan zawieszenia, otchłań

**limited liability** – ograniczona odpowiedzialność

**line** – stać w szeregu

**lined up** – ułożony

**linger on** – wpatrywać się, skupiać wzrok na

**literally** – dosłownie

**litter** – zaśmiecać; miot

**little did he know** – nie zdawał sobie sprawy

**lobe** – płat (mózgu)

**log** – kłoda, bal

**look back** – wspominać coś

**look in** – zajmować się czymś, badać coś

**loom up** – zbliżać się, powiększać się

**loop hole** – luka prawna

**loss** – strata

**low-cut** – wycięty (dekolt)

**lucky guess** – trafienie, odgadnięcie

**lunatic** – wariat, szaleniec

**lunge** – rzucać się

**luxuriate** – rozkoszować się

## M

**major** – główny

**make it** – przeżyć, ocaleć; odnieść sukces

**make it snappy** – zrobić coś szybko

**make one's appearance** – pojawić się

**make one's day** – uszczęśliwić kogoś

**make one's fortune** – zarobić fortunę

**make one's way** – iść, udać się do

**make oneself at home** – rozgościć się

**manikin** – fantom, manekin

**mansion** – rezydencja

**martial arts** – sztuki walki

**matrimony** – związek małżeński

**meadow** – łąka

**meddle** – wtrącać się

**menace** – zagrożenie, niebezpieczeństwo

**mercy** – łaska, litość

**mere** – zwykły, zwyczajny

**merge** – połączyć (się)

**might as well** – równie dobrze, właściwie

**mill about** – kręcić się

**miserable** – nędzny, nieszczęśliwy

**mislead** – wprowadzać w błąd

**mistake sb for** – wziąć kogoś za

**misty** – mglisty

**mocking** – szyderczy, kpiący

**moist** – wilgotny

**mole** – kret

**money laundering** – pranie brudnych pieniędzy

**mongrel** – kundel

**more than a little** – dość, mocno

**morph** – zmieniać

**mortal coil** – codzienny znój

**moth** – ćma

**motion** – ruch

**motionless** – nieruchomy

**motley** – różnorodny, rozmaity

**mourn** – opłakiwać

**mow down** – powalać, kosić

**mull over** – rozmyślać

**mumble** – bełkot, mamrot

**mum's the word** – ani mru-mru

**mundane** – nudny, zwyczajny

**mute** – wyciszać

**mutter** – mamrotać

## N

**near-term** – krótkoterminowy

**nerve-rattling** – stresujący

**newbie** – nowicjusz, ktoś nowy

**nibble** – skubać, przegryzać

**nipple** – sutek

**nod** – skinąć głową

**non-entity** – ktoś bez znaczenia, nieistotny

**nonetheless** – pomimo to

**noodles** – makaron

**noon** – południe

**not see sth coming** – nie przewidzieć, zostać zaskoczonym

**not to amount to a hill of beans** – nie być wartym złamanego grosza

**notch** – oczko, trochę

**notorious** – cieszący się złą sławą

**numb** – drętwieć

## O

**objective** – cel

**obnoxious** – opryskliwy, nieznośny

**obtuse** – tępy, głupi

**occupant** – mieszkaniec

**occurrence** – zjawisko, zdarzenie

**odd** – dziwny

**off-duty** – zwykły, cywilny

**ominous** – złowrogi

**omit** – pomijać

**on either side** – po obu stronach

**one side** – na boku

**one-dimensional** – jednowymiarowy, płytki

**ongoing** – trwający, toczący się

**orderly** – sanitariusz

**outburst** – wybuch emocji

**outperform** – przewyższać, prześcignąć

**outstanding** – nieuregulowany

**overly** – nader, ponad

**oversight** – nadzór

## P

**pace** – kroczyć

**palm** – wewnętrzna część dłoni

**parish** – parafia

**parking lot** – parking

**participant** – uczestnik

**party** – strona (w procesie)

**party animal** – imprezowicz

**pass** – rezygnować, pasować

**pat** – poklepać

**patently** – wyraźnie

**patter** – stukanie, klepanie

**paw** – macać

**pay hell** – słono zapłacić

**payment in kind** – transakcja wymienna

**peddle** – rozpowszechniać, rozprowadzać

**peek** – zerkać, spoglądać

**peel (off)** – ściągać

**pensive** – zamyślony

**pent up** – tłumić

**period** – (i) kropka

**permanence** – trwałość, niezmienność

**pertain to** – dotyczyć czegoś

**pervasive** – przenikliwy

**pet** – głaskać, pieścić

**petite** – drobny

**pickle** – ogórek kiszony

**pickup** – samochód osobowy terenowy

**picture** – wyobrażać sobie

**piercing** – przenikliwy

**pimp** – alfons

**pimples** – pryszcze

**pinch** – szczypać

**pit** – dziura, nora

**placement test** – test poziomujący

**plain** – zwyczajnie, po prostu

**play ball** – współpracować, grać według zasad

**play down** – bagatelizować, umniejszać

**play out** – potoczyć się, rozegrać

**player** – gracz

**playfully** – żartobliwie

**plesantries** – uprzejmości

**plot** – spiskować, knuć; spisek, zmowa

**plough through** – brnąć przez

**plunge** – skok

**plywood** – sklejka, dykta

**poach** – kłusować (polować)

**poach on sb's territory** – wchodzić komuś w paradę

**pock-marked** – dziobaty

**point out** – wskazywać

**pole** – tyczka, maszt

**pompous** – pompatyczny

**ponder** – zastanawiać się, rozmyślać

**pooled** – złożony z wielu elementów (tu: z kapitału z różnych źródeł)

**potted** – doniczkowy

**pounding** – hałas, walenie

**poutine** – przekąska z prowincji Quebec

**powdery** – proszkowy

**prattle off** – paplać, plotkować

**prawn cocktail** – koktajl z krewetek

**precinct** – komisariat policji

**predict** – przewidywać

**predictable** – przewidywalny

**price** – wycenić

**prick** – idiota

**prick up (one's ears)** – nadstawiać uszu

**prior to** – przed, poprzedzający

**privilege** – zaszczyt, honor

**proactivism** – proaktywizm

**prominent** – wyrazisty

**proverbial** – przysłowiowy

**provided** – pod warunkiem

**provision** – postanowienie, przepis

**prudent** – rozważny

**puff away** – zaciągać się, kurzyć fajkę

**puffy** – pulchny

**pull** – zatrzymywać się (autem)

**pull away from** – ruszać, oddalać się

**pull together** – stworzyć, wyczarować, składać, wyrównywać

**pulp** – miazga

**punch in** – wbijać, wpisywać

**pungent** – ostry, wyraźny

**purr** – mruczeć

**pursue** – podążać za, dążyć do

**push around** – pomiatać

**put (the kettle) on** – wstawiać wodę

**put ingear** – wrzucać bieg

**put out** – gasić

**put sth that way** – tak to ująć

**put together** – wyjaśniać coś, składać w całość

**putty** – kit

## Q

**quaint** – urokilwy

**quantitative easing** – złagodzenie polityki pieniężnej

**quarter** – moneta o nominale 25 centów

**quarters, two ~ to rub together** – choć trochę grosza

**question, ~** – dany, o którym mowa

## R

**race through** – przebiegać przez, tu: przypominać sobie szybko

**rage** – złość

**railing** – barierka, płotek

**rally** – pójście akcji w górę

**rap** – pukać, stukać

**rattle** – szczękać, grzechotać

**ravenously** – zachłannie

**rear view mirror** – lusterko wsteczne

**reasonable** – sensowny; rozważny

**reassure** – zapewniać, pocieszać

**receiver** – słuchawka

**reckon** – myśleć, uważać

**reclining** – opuszczane

**recourse** – ucieczka

**recover** – zdrowieć, dochodzić do siebie

**reform school** – poprawczak

**register** – zajarzeć, zanotować; ton

**regret** – żal

**regretfully** – z żalem, smutkiem

**regular** – stały bywalec

**rejoin** – dołączyć, dosiąść się

**relatives** – krewni

**relieved, be ~** – czuć ulgę

**reluctantly** – niechętnie

**remark** – spostrzeżenie, obserwacja

**remedy** – lekarstwo

**remote control** – pilot

**report** – zgłaszać

**reservations** – obawy

**reservations** – zastrzeżenia

**reserve** – powściągliwość

**residential** – mieszkalny

**resigned** – zrezygnowany

**resolution** – rozwiązanie, zakończenie

**restraint** – ograniczenie ruchów

**retire** – przejść na emeryturę

**retreat** – wycofywać się

**ribcage** – żebra

**ridiculous** – śmieszny

**riff-raff** – hołota, motłoch

**right angle** – kąt prosty

**right as rain** – absolutna prawda

**rim** – brzeg, krawędź

**ring** – kółko

**rink, ice skating ~** – lodowisko

**rip up** – rozdzierać, przemierzać

**ro reflate** – przywracać poprzedni stan gospodarki

**roar** – (fire) buzować

**roar** – ryczeć

**robe** – szata

**rosemary** – rozmaryn

**rot** – gnić

**rotary dial** – tarcza obrotowa

**rough** – trudny, ciężki

**round the corner** – skręcać

**rub** – trzeć, wcierać

**rub up** – łasić się, ocierać się

**run the gauntlet** – być narażonym na, wystawiać się na ryzyko

**run the length** – ciągnąć się wzdłuż

**rundown** – opis, relacja

**rush** – napływ, uderzenie

**rush back** – wracać

**rush in** – napływać, wracać

**rustle** – szumieć, robić szum, tu: szamotać się

**rustle up** – przyrządzić na szybko, upitrasić

**rustling** – szelest, hałas

## S

**sacrifice** – poświęcać

**safe haven** – bezpieczna przystań, azyl

**sane** – zdrowy, rozumny

**sari** – indyjska szata

**savour** – delektować się, rozkoszować

**say** – powiedzmy

**say what?!** – że co?!

**sb was last heard of...** – ostatnio słyszano o kimś...

**scaffolding** – rusztowanie

**scamper** – pędzić, czmychać

**scented** – zapachowy

**scholarship** – stypendium

**scoop away** – porywać

**score** – zdobywać (działkę)

**scraps** – resztki, skrawki

**scratch that** – wróć!

**scrawny** – wychudły, kościsty

**screeching** – pisk

**screw** – oszukiwać, kantować

**scrub off** – szorować, zmazywać

**scrutinize** – przypatrywać się, obserwować

**see red** – być wściekłym

**send shivers down sb's back** – wywoływać dreszcze

**sense** – rozsądek

**sensual** – zmysłowy

**service** – nabożeństwo

**set sb up** – wrabiać kogoś

**settle** – wyjaśniać, uzgadniać

**settle for** – zadowalać się

**settle in** – wprowadzić w, zadomowić się

**sever** – ucinać

**shamelessly** – bezwstydnie

**shareholder** – udziałowiec

**sharp** – dokładnie, co do minuty

**sheet** – kartka papieru

**shift** – zmiana w pracy

**shiver** – drżeć; dreszcz

**shrug off** – lekceważyć, zbywać

**shuffle** – mieszać, tasować; powłóczyć nogami, wlec się

**shush** – uciszać

**side effects** – efekty uboczne

**sidewalk** – chodnik

**sideways** – bokiem

**sidle up** – przysuwać się

**sigh** – wzdychać

**sight for sore eyes** – widok, który raduje serce

**sinister force** – siła nieczysta

**sip** – łyk

**sitpulate** – określać; zastrzegać

**skid off** – ruszać z piskiem opon

**slam down** – rzucać, walnąć

**slave trader** – handlarz niewolnikami

**sleeve** – rękaw

**slick** – przebiegły, podstępny

**slide in** – wślizgnąć się, wpaść

**slip** – poślizgnąć się

**slip out** – wyślizgnąć się, zniknąć

**slither down** – zejść po, ześlizgnąć się

**slow-tracked** – opóźniony

**slur** – mówić niewyraźnie, bełkotać

**smart ass** – mądrala, cwaniaczek

**smell a rat** – podejrzewać, że coś jest nie tak, zwietrzyć coś

**snag** – rozrywać, rozdzierać

**snap off** – odłamać

**snappy** – żwawy, energiczny; elegancki; drażliwy

**sneak off** – wymykać się

**sniff** – wąchać, węszyć

**sniffle** – pociągać nosem płacząc

**snippet** – skrawek

**snooze** – zdrzemnąć się

**snore** – chrapać

**snort** – parskać

**so to speak** – że tak powiem

**sob** – szlochać, płakać

**sobering** – otrzeźwiający

**socket** – oczodół

**something to the effect of** – coś w stylu, mniej więcej coś takiego

**sophomoric** – niedojrzały, dziecinny

**sore** – podrażniony, obolały

**sort** – typ (np. człowieka)

**sort out** – rozwiązywać (problem)

**speed** – pędzić

**spell** – trochę, kawałek

**spill** – wylewać

**spill the beans** – puścić farbę, zdradzić sekret

**spin round** – przekręcać, obracać

**spin stories** – wymyślać, ściemniać

**spire** – iglica wieży, czubek

**spirit** – duch; zapał; alkohol

**spittle** – ślina

**spread like wildfire** – szerzyć się szybko

**spurt out** – wytryskać

**squarely** – wprost, bezpośrednio

**squeeze** – ściskać

**squint** – mrużyć oczy

**stab** – dźgać; dźgnięcie, ukłucie

**staging area** – baza operacyjna

**stained** – poplamiony

**staircase** – klatka schodowa

**stairway** – klatka schodowa, schody

**stake** – wkład, udział; stawka, tu: szczęście, passa

**stamp** – stąpać, wciskać; pieczątka

**stand up in** – przejść (dowód w sądzie)

**stand up to sb** – przeciwstawiać się, konfrontować się z

**stare** – gapić się; wzrok

**start** – ruszyć, pójść

**startle** – przestraszyć

**stash** – ukrywać, chować

**stashed** – ukryty, schowany

**statement** – oświadczenie, zdanie

**steam** – parować

**steaming** – parujący

**step** – krok, etap

**stick-up** – napad, rabunek

**sticky** – lepki

**stiffen** – sztywnieć

**stiffly** – sztywno

**stir** – poruszać, wzbudzać

**stir up the shit** – namieszać

**stocks** – akcje

**stor(e)y** – piętro

**storm out** – wybiegać

**stove-pipe hat** – cylinder

**straight ahead** – prosto (przed siebie)

**straightforward** – prosty, łatwy

**straightjacket** – kaftan bezpieczeństwa

**strap** – pasek

**straw** – słomka

**stray** – bezpański

**stress** – podkreślać

**stretch** – rozciągać (się), naciągać

**stricken** – cierpiący, udręczony

**string** – szereg, seria

**stroke** – głaskać

**struggle** – walka

**stupor** – upojenie alkoholowe

**subversive** – wywrotowy

**suck** – ssać

**suggestible** – ulegający wpływom

**suited for** – odpowiedni

**sum up** – podsumować

**supply** – dostarczać

**surge** – przypływ

**surrogate** – surogat, zastępczy

**suspend** – zawiesić, wstrzymać

**swanky** – luksusowy, szpanerski

**sway** – chwiać (się), kołysać się

**swerve** –gwałtownie skręcać

**swing** – zamach; **in full ~** – pełną parą

**swing around** – obracać się

**swing open** – otwierać (się) gwałtownie

## T

**tabernak!** – cholera! (wulgaryzm używany w Kanadzie)

**tactile** – dotykowy

**take (all the) time** – nie spieszyć się

**take it all in** – przemyśleć, przetrawić

**take on** – stawiać czoło, mierzyć się

**take one's confession** – spowiadać

**take sth for granted** – brać coś za pewnik, uważać za oczywiste

**take sth in** – ogarniać, próbować pojąć

**take sth with a grain of salt** – brać coś z przymrużeniem oka

**takeover** – przejęcie (firmy)

**takeover bid** – oferta przejęcia

**tale** – opowieść

**tandem, in ~ with** – razem z

**tank top** – koszulka na ramiączkach

**tap** – pukać, klepać

**taxi stand** – postój taksówek

**tease** – drażnić, droczyć się

**tell, to ~ you the truth** – szczerze mówiąc, prawdę powiedziawszy

**tenacity** – upór, zawziętość

**tend do sth** – mieć coś w zwyczaju

**tentatively** – niepewnie

**term** – nazwać; **~ of endearment** – czułe słówko

**textbook** – podręcznik(owy)

**that is** – oczywiście (na końcu wypowiedzi)

**that was the last straw** – tego tylko brakowało

**that’s the ticket!** – o to chodzi!

**the hand** – ręka, rozdanie w kartach

**the likes of them** – im podobnych

**the thing is...** – chodzi o to, że...

**there and then** – natychmiast, od razu

**there, there** – no już, już (pocieszenie)

**therein** – w tym, w niniejszym

**there’s more to it** – chodzi o coś więcej

**threat** – groźba

**throttle** – dusić

**throw a wrench** – zepsuć, pokrzyżować plany

**thrust** – pchnąć, wsunąć

**ticket** – mandat poselski

**tights** – rajstopy

**tingly** – czujący mrowienie

**tinker with** – majstrować przy, zmieniać

**tips** – opuszki

**titter** – chichotać

**topside** – na powierzchni

**torrid** – gorący, namiętny

**toss** – rzucać

**touch and go** – niepewny, chwiejny

**touted** – zachwalany

**towering** – wysoki, strzelisty

**traces** – ślady

**track** – śledzić

**tracksuit** – dres

**trade** – handel; branża

**trading** – handel

**trail** – podążać za

**trailer trash** – biedacy (slang), mieszkańcy przyczep kempingowych

**train of thought** – tok myślenia

**trait** – cecha

**transit authority** – władze odpowiedzialne za komunikację

**transpire** – okazać się

**trap door** – klapa

**tray** – taca

**treason** – zdrada

**trick** – sztuczka

**tricks of the trade** – tajniki zawodu

**trigger-happy** – narwany, impulsywny

**trinket** – bibelot, ozdóbka

**trolley** – wózek

**trot** – truchtać, dreptać, kłusować

**trouble** – kłopotać

**truckloads** – ciężarówki pełne...

**trustworthy** – godny zaufania

**tube socks** – getry

**tucky-uppy** – sen, spanie

**tumbler** – szklanka

**turn sb in** – donieść na kogoś, wydać

**two quarters to rub together** – choć trochę grosza

## U

**unattainable** – nieosiągalny

**under one's breath** – pod nosem, szeptem

**underdog** – przegrany

**underfed** – niedożywiony

**underlying** – podstawowy, fundamentalny

**undisclosed** – nieujawniony

**unintentional** – nieumyślny

**unjust** – niesprawiedliwy

**unpredictable** – nieprzewidywalny

**unsuited** – nieprzystosowany

**unwarranted** – nieuzasadniony

**upright** – prawy, uczciwy

**urge** – popęd, chęć

**useless** – beznadziejny

## V

**vacuum** – odkurzać

**variety** – różnorodność

**vendetta** – wendeta, zemsta

**vial** – fiolka

**vivid** – żywy, wyrazisty

## W

**wack** – walić, trzepać

**wad** – plik

**wade into** – wtopić się, wejść

**wag a tail** – machać ogonem

**wake up with a start** – zbudzić się nagle, oprzytomnieć

**walk-in closet** – garderoba

**way back** – dawno

**wearily** – ociężale, powoli

**wee** – mały

**wee hours** – wczesne godziny poranne

**weird** – dziwny

**well clear** – z dala

**well-timed** – w odpowiednim czasie

**whack** – zdzielić; tu: wykończyć

**what to make of it** – co o tym myśleć

**whimper** – skomleć, jęczeć

**whistle blowing** – donosicielstwo

**whistle, as clean as a ~** – czysty jak łza

**who should I happen to see** – i kogo widzę

**who's to say** – kto może stwierdzić...?

**willingly** – ochoczo

**wind** – owijać, splatać

**winding** – kręty

**wipe** – wycierać

**wire fence** – płot z drutu kolczastego

**wisecrack** – dowcipkować, żartować

**wistfully** – smutno

**withered** – winiszczony

**wobbly** – chwiejny

**work one's way through** – iść, przedzierać się

**workings** – działanie

**would-be** – przyszły, potencjalny

**wrapped** – owinięty, zapakowany

**wrench** – szarpnięcie; klucz (narzędzie)

## Y

**yahoo** – prostak, wieśniak, (patrz Gulliver’s Travels Jonathan Swift)

**yell** – wrzeszczeć

**yelp** – skomleć

**yoke** – jarzmo, ciężar

**you don’t say** – no nie gadaj (ironicznie)

## Z

**zipper** – zamek, suwak

# PRZYPISY

[1] The Big Apple – a nickname for New York City.

[2] the Fed – Federal Reserve System, the central bank of the USA

[3] fly over states – states in the middle of the US that are flown over when traveling from coast to coast, rather than being travelling destinations

[4] ATM – automatic teller machine; a cash machine

[5] The Federal Reserve – the central banking system of the USA

[6] Homeland Security – the protection system of the U.S. territory and population

[7] brewski – from *brew*, a slang term for beer

[8] Poutine – a French-Canadian favorite of French Fries and **cheese curds** covered in **gravy**.